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Back to "Non-Intervention"

When Prime Minister Chamberlain signed his agreement with Italy, he expected that the war in Spain would be ended in a few weeks, perhaps even a few days. Accordingly, as a very mild sop to outraged British public opinion, he provided that the new treaty should not come into effect until a substantial part of the Italian troops in Spain had been withdrawn. This meant, in his mind and everyone's else, after the end of the war. But the Loyalists have showed an unexpected power of resistance, which seems to have been aided by serious dissension among Franco's followers. Now there is talk of the conflict's lasting through another winter, with a genuine possibility that it may end in a Loyalist victory.

Chamberlain has therefore returned to the grim hypocrisy of the Non-Intervention Committee, which is in fact an Intervention Committee. He is putting the greatest possible pressure on France to close the frontier to the Loyalists, while Franco's men would continue to get almost unlimited supplies from Italy and Germany, either direct or via Portugal. Meanwhile, British ships are bombed and sunk by the Rebels, and Britain is estopped from the kind of protest she would have made if her government were not committed to the Fascists. It is no wonder that Soviet Russia refuses to be a party to the continued hypocrisy of a policy which, ostensibly aimed at fairness to both sides, is in reality a calculated attempt to help Franco win. The negotiations between France and Italy continue deadlocked on the issue of closing the Pyrenees, with Mussolini insisting that he will make no bargain with France as long as the two countries are "fighting on opposite sides in the Spanish war."

Chinese Situation Grows Clearer

The confused military situation in China following the fall of Suchow is now beginning to crystallize. As we expected, the main Chinese army successfully withdrew to the westward with the greater part of its artillery and equipment. The Japanese, exploiting the new strategical mobility conferred by possession of the whole of the Tsin-Pu line, are moving slowly westward at several points, meeting stiff Chinese resistance. The pushover days are no more; the Japanese must fight for every gain. Reckless advances by columns out of mutual supporting distance have resulted in a division under Lieutenant-General Kenji Doihara being trapped between the Lung-Hai Railway and the Yellow River, near Lanfeng, by superior Chinese forces. Japanese are driving desperately from the east and southeast to relieve this detachment; the Chinese are even more desperately trying to overwhelm it. The destruction of a force commanded by an officer whose name has for so many years been closely identified with Japanese attempts to dismember China would have a moral value out of all proportion of the military advantage of wiping out an isolated division. At Canton the Japanese navy has carried out a series of air raids of which the railway station is the apparent objective, but which has caused great loss of life. A reported Chinese flight over Kyushu may prove to be a reconnaissance preliminary to Chinese reprisals for the Canton bombings. Mean-

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while reports persist of a coming Japanese major offensive against Canton.

It's Up to "Business" Now

President Roosevelt exercised good judgment by allowing the new tax bill to become a law without his signature; he played fair with the country by telling us, in the speech at Arthurdale, West Virginia, exactly why he did so. The bill contains many improvements, not the least of which is the concession to small corporations in the matter of the surplus-profits tax. But it also represents an unnecessary surrender to the lobbies of the rich taxpayers. The door is still open to legal tax avoidance by the route of the closely held personal corporation, since the penalty tax on profits retained rather than being distributed to shareholders is cut to the low figure of 2½ percent, even in the case of the big fellows. Thus stockholders may avoid surtaxes through the device of direct corporate reinvestment. The bill is also a step backward in reducing the tax on capital gains to a flat 15 percent, no matter how large the gain. Mr. Roosevelt did not approve these particular changes, and rightly so, in our opinion. But he let Congress and organized business take the responsibility of effecting in law the changes they declared were necessary to produce revival. Let us now see whether business can make good. If it does not do so, it cannot with much grace throw any more dead cats in the direction of the White House, as far as these taxes are concerned.

Mr. Baker's Great Idea

Jacob Baker, president of the United Federal Workers of America, now comes forward with a brilliant idea. Like many others he is deeply troubled about the situation in Mexico, which so seriously threatens to become another Spain. He is particularly disturbed by the part Great Britain is playing, with her truculent demands that the Mexican government turn over at once an impossibly large sum in payment for the expropriated oil properties.

Mr. Baker, perhaps a little unkindly, points out that Great Britain owes the United States about $5,000,000,000. On this debt she has paid nothing for several years, and her most recent cash offer was to settle for ten cents on the dollar. Under the war-debt agreement, the United States can at any time demand that the British transfer their obligation into negotiable securities. We could hand over to Mexico such securities in the sum of $250,000,000 and since they are worth to us only ten cents on the dollar, Mexico would then owe us $25,000,000. But these obligations are worth 100 cents on the dollar to the British, who have always insisted it was only the transfer problem that caused them to suspend payment. Mexico, therefore, could pass on the securities to Great Britain and they could be used to pay in full and at once the British owners of confiscated Mexican oil properties.

Mr. Baker feels that such a scheme would help stabilize Mexico's internal affairs and improve our friendship both with our southern neighbor and with Latin America as a whole. Such cash as Mexico now has available for oil payments could then be given to American interests, and an agreement set up between the two countries for the correlation of the production and distribution of oil to their common advantage. In short, Mr. Baker's scheme is simple, practicable, ingenious. It should please everybody with the possible exception of the British and their slavish admirers in this country. We suggest that you keep your eye on the American State Department to see what reception this plan gets. It should indicate whether our officials are more concerned to keep peace in the Americas—or to keep England happy.

Pacifists Resolve

The National Anti-War Congress, which met in Washington over the Memorial Day week-end, attempted to provide a program for those American pacifists who see the dangers of collective security. More than 1,000 delegates from labor, peace, religious and civic organizations throughout the United States agreed to work together toward the following goals:

> The immediate removal of American ships and marines from belligerent zones and the evacuation of American nationals who do not desire to stay at their own risk.
>
> Reduction of the present excessive military machine.
>
> The democratic right of citizens to vote on a declaration of war.
>
> Abandonment of all existing plans for industrial mobilization.
>
> No alliance or joint action with any nation or group of nations which is likely to lead to war.
>
> Concentration at home on the struggle against injustice, unemployment, bad housing and poverty . . . and abroad, increasing solidarity with the people of all nations to abolish economic injustice . . . and to remove the causes of dictatorial militarism.

Though we have doubts about the effectiveness of frontal atacks on militarism, such as are exemplified in the second, third and fourth of these points, the last is certainly worth all the effort that can be put into it.

The Profit Motive in War

The Senate Finance Committee has adopted a curious way of discouraging war, by a bill it has just reported favorably to the Senate. According to this bill, people would be obliged to lend to the government, in case of war, in proportion to their wealth. The government would determine the allotments in view of its needs. The maximum interest would be 1½ percent, and the bonds would not be tax-exempt. Thus war would be financed by what approaches very closely to a capital levy. Indeed, the forced loans would be

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converted into a capital levy by sufficiently high taxation. One wonders, in the first place, why the Senate Committee did not go the whole way and plan to finance war entirely out of taxation rather than from loans, as was proposed by a distinguished list of economists at the time of our entrance into the Great War. This method of paying for the huge expenses of hostilities has much to recommend it as a way of avoiding inflation and post-war depression. But as a means of avoiding war, measures like this are likely to be ineffectual. They rest on the supposition that war is caused in large measure by the pressure of those who expect to make money out of it. This thesis is a tremendous oversimplification, as may be seen when we remember that one of the strongest influences in the direction of possible participation in war at present is exerted by those pacifists who favor collective action against aggressors. Among these no group is more active than the Communists, who cannot be accused of seeking profits.

Why They Don't Like O'Connell

A hot political battle is being waged in Montana, where Representative Jerry O'Connell is a candidate to succeed himself. O'Connell, whose portrait was sketched by our Washington correspondent (The New Republic, August 11, 1937), has been one of the stanchest members of the progressive group in the House. He has supported the wages-and-hours bill, reorganization, the modernization of the Supreme Court and adequate appropriations for relief. He has worked for justice to Tom Mooney and introduced several bills to provide safeguards against silicosis among miners, and to aid its victims. He has strongly opposed the antics of Mayor Hague in Jersey City and only a few days ago he was expelled from that community after an attempt to speak there. O'Connell's record, naturally, has caused him to be bitterly disliked by many people, including the Anaconda Copper Company and allied corporations, which among them run the state of Montana about as they please. All sorts of wild charges against him are being circulated. We hope that the voters of his district will consider the source of these baseless allegations and act accordingly. When the big corporations find reason to dislike a man so strongly, it is pretty good evidence that the plain people have reason to like him with equal enthusiasm.

News Notes of a Week

The situation between Czechoslovakia and Germany continued serious, but the tension somewhat relaxed, during the week ending May 31. The second election in Czechoslovakia passed off quietly, with additional gain reported for the Henlein party and the Communists. . . . Cedillo's revolt in Mexico was said by the government to be nearing its end, with Cedillo's forces scattered and the General himself a fugitive. . . . Frightfulness was again resorted to by Franco in Spain and the Japanese in China. Air bombings of Alicante and Canton cost many hundreds of lives of civilians in each city. . . . Secretary Hull again uttered his familiar appeal that European countries should remember the Kellogg Pact. Washington observers interpreted his statement as associating the United States with the Anglo-French efforts to prevent Germany from attacking the Czechs.

Mayor Hague, the Jersey Hitler, rejected a compromise proposal which would have permitted at least a modicum of civil liberty in the community he rules. Representative Jerry O'Connell was deported when he attempted to speak, and representatives of the International Labor Defense and the American League for Peace and Democracy were badly beaten, as was an important witness in the pending CIO-ACLU suit. . . . At the first session of the inquiry into the TVA Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, deposed chairman, dumbfounded everyone by announcing that he had never intended to charge misconduct from personal motive to his fellow directors. . . . Akron police used their customary brutality against striking rubber workers.

Politics and the New Deal

THE NEW DEAL is in trouble again, at least with its enemies—with whom it is never out of trouble. The charge is being made that members of Mr. Roosevelt's official family are participating in the primaries in various states on behalf of Democrats who have favored all the legislation sponsored by the New Deal and against those who favored part or none of it. The President's son spoke on behalf of Senator Pepper in Florida. Postmaster General Farley recommended to the voters of Pennsylvania the senatorial candidacy of Governor Earle. Secretary Ickes uttered a blast against Governor Martin of Oregon. Wickedest crime of all, WPA Administrator Hopkins, a native of Iowa and a graduate of Grinnell College, told a reporter that if he were voting in his native state this year he would favor his fellow Grinnell alumnus, Otha Wearin.

At these spectacles, those who are perennially indignant with Mr. Roosevelt have redoubled their outcries. For some reason that they do not make very clear, they believe that the President should remain indifferent while a man is elected to Congress who is rabidly opposed to all of the principles in political life which he holds to be most important. Or going even farther, they would have him give his support to anybody, no matter how complete a Tory he might be, who managed to run under the banner of the Democratic Party. One has only to state this formula to show how fantastic is its premise. Many of the same gentlemen who are now attacking Mr. Roosevelt did

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not suggest that Harding, Coolidge and Hoover should get out and fight for progressive Republicans, and would have been indignant at the idea that they should.

Millions of people are on relief, and billions of dollars have been and are being spent to support them. It is certainly important that the party in power should not bring pressure to bear upon beneficiaries of the federal bounty. There is no doubt that there have been grave abuses within the borders of some individual states, where persons employed on work-relief projects have been subjected to pressure by the dominant political machine in a given area, whether that machine is Republican or Democrat. Mr. Hopkins has on several occasions stated as publicly as possible that no political pressure is to be put on any member of the WPA, under any circumstances. If Washington follows up this policy vigorously, it is doing all that it can reasonably be asked to do, provided that its own conscience is clear. When hostile critics demand that Mr. Hopkins himself, or Secretary Ickes or Postmaster Farley shall not be permitted to express a preference for one candidate over another, they seek to set up restrictions never observed in the past, restrictions that come close to a denial of free speech for government officials.

The second charge that is made in many quarters is that relief expenditures of the federal government are allotted to one state or another for political reasons, and not on a basis of justice. The critic's idea of justice usually is that money should be awarded to the states in the same proportions in which they pay federal taxes. Nevada, Washington, Montana, the Dakotas and Oklahoma are damned as states that have received far more than they have paid. New York, Virginia and North Carolina are said to be holding the bag, having paid more than they got back. But any such list is complete nonsense. The Dakotas and Oklahoma have been the scene of disastrous drought conditions, creating a national emergency comparable with a flood, earthquake or tornado. Do the critics really propose that because these states did not pay a very high proportion of federal taxes, their inhabitants should have been permitted to starve? Nevada, Washington and Montana are the scene of vast hydro-electric and irrigation projects whose benefits are interstate in character. Should these projects have been canceled because most of the money needed for their construction happens to be spent within the borders of a single commonwealth? And the argument on the other side is equally fallacious. New York pays large taxes because it is the money capital of the nation, and industrial profits are drained into Wall Street from all over the country. Virginia and North Carolina pay taxes on tobacco used all over the country, taxes that are afterward passed on to millions of consumers in every state.

The only real tests of federal expenditures for relief and public works are two: Did the need for relief exist? Were the public works sound and justifiable in themselves? Those who complain of wasted money in the first category have never read the careful studies and reports of the WPA. They are ignorant of the fact that administration of relief is now reasonably close to being an exact science, and that the operations of the federal government can be defended in terms of that science. On the second point, the only reasonable question is whether any particular project is justifiable in itself. Some plans, certainly, have been open to question. There was a real division of opinion in regard to Passamaquoddy and the Florida ship canal. But the overwhelming majority of all the projects undertaken, whether by WPA, PWA, Resettlement or any other agency, have been desirable beyond question in the eyes of anyone willing to look at them with an open mind.

Perhaps the most important lesson to be drawn from the attacks on the administration is the intellectual bankruptcy of the present opposition. This country would benefit greatly from a vigorous, intelligent hostile minority to curb excesses, challenge the statement of purposes and in general serve as a counterweight in the processes of government. For reasons too complicated to be discussed here, we are not getting any such opposition. Instead, we have a large quantity of handwringing and a perpetual series of wild charges like those reported above.

Minimum Wages and Recovery

PROFESSOR LEO WOLMAN of Columbia University has written to The New York Times a letter opposing the minimum-wage law now about to be passed by Congress. His thesis is that the whole recovery effort of the government has been directed to increasing the purchasing power of labor, that this goal has been sought principally by boosting wages, that as a result real wages now stand at the highest point of all time, but that the policy has failed of its purpose, since a large volume of unemployment still persists. Raising wages, he concludes, is an illusory method of trying to benefit labor, because it increases unemployment. A further increase of wages such as would be brought about by the bill would only make things worse.

The detailed substantiation of this argument exhibits a statistical bias which can be ascribed only to prejudice in one of Dr. Wolman's background and scholarship. He commits errors which would be properly counted against the standing of a college sophomore; the subject has been discussed long enough and in enough detail so that he should know better.

In March, 1938, he says, the average hourly wages of factory labor were three times as much as in 1914. But in the same period the cost of living has risen by not more than 40 percent. Real hourly earnings are 100 percent greater than in 1914, 60 percent greater

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than in 1920, and 40 percent higher than in 1929. This may be true enough, but it omits the crucial point that in this period weekly hours of work have been considerably shortened. The impression which Dr. Wolman leaves with the layman, that labor's actual purchasing power has been increased by the percentages he quotes, simply is not true. The worker can buy much more with the earnings of one hour than he could in 1914, but he normally works far fewer hours and therefore the effect on his ability to buy, or on the market for goods, is much less than these figures would make it appear.

It may be, however, that Dr. Wolman has in mind the other aspect of wages—that is, the labor cost to the employer. If costs rise enough, profits may be so cut as to diminish the business incentive to produce, or else the prices of the product in question may be raised enough to restrict the market and so require the work of fewer men. That, at least, is the standard theory. But if Dr. Wolman is talking about the rise of costs over so long a period, it is rash of him to say nothing whatever about the gain in productivity which has occurred during the same time. Labor cost is a function not only of wages but of the amount of product the worker turns out.

The National Bureau of Economic Research, of which Dr. Wolman is a staff member, has made careful studies of this subject, but if it was too much trouble to refer to them, Dr. Wolman could at least have looked at the Federal Reserve Bulletin, from whose regularly published indices certain relevant inferences may be made. They show, for instance, that in 1919 the index of production in manufacturing industry stood at 84, and the index of manufacturing employment was 107, while in 1937 the index of production was 109 and that of employment was 99. This means, simply, that while the number of men and women employed decreased about 8 percent, the output increased about 30 percent. The output per worker employed grew in this period about 40 percent. Since hours of work have at the same time been greatly reduced, the output per man-hour has grown much more than that. Still more instructive in respect to labor cost is a comparison of total payrolls with output. The index of manufacturing payrolls was 98 in 1919, and exactly the same in 1937. Since manufacturing output was 30 percent larger in the latter year than in the former, a considerable *decrease* in labor costs per unit of output is indicated between the two years.

It may be commented that comparisons between 1929 and 1937 would be more relevant than those going back to 1919. This comparison indicates no increase in labor cost since the last year before the depression. While factory payrolls fell from 109 in 1929 to 98 in 1937, production fell from 119 to 109. The percentage drop in payrolls is thus slightly larger than that in output.

Of course it is true that too drastic a general increase in wages, at least without a corresponding rise in prices, may make production unprofitable. There is little evidence, however, to prove that this is the cause of the present depression. In The New Republic special supplement on the depression, issued February 2, 1938, a number of economists, conservative as well as liberal, analyzed its main features and pointed out several important factors, such as the cessation of government deficit-spending, the lack of new capital investment, and monopoly prices in the capital-goods industries. None of them, however, assigned a crucial role to high wages or labor costs. The most that any of them recommended in this sphere was some readjustment downward of hourly wages in the building trades or similar occupations, provided higher annual earnings could be assured in consequence.

Dr. Wolman takes cognizance of the argument that the new bill would at the beginning affect only a relatively small number of workers. He replies that increases to the lowest-paid would result in pay rises to those higher in the scale also, through maintenance of existing differentials. None should know better than he that this is not a necessary consequence, especially in time of depression and unemployment. Differentials were not maintained when minimum wages were imposed either during the War or under the NRA.

It is true, as he says, that the average difference between Northern and Southern wages is smaller than it was, and doubtless will disappear in the course of time, even without legislation. Laws cannot abolish it all at once. Nevertheless, that is no reason for arguing against a national minimum with a sufficiently low standard. To say that we should continue to rely on state minimum-wage laws because the trend of Southern wages is slowly rising is equivalent to saying that national standards should not be adopted until there is no longer a need for them.

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Mr. Justice Black's First Year

IT IS THE FASHION, in writing of Mr. Justice Black, to exalt rumor and to degrade fact. The recipe calls for a modicum of truth; but in practice the portion added is hardly enough to sustain the appearance of verity.

As the rules of the game go, the present writer can hardly qualify. He has never met Mr. Justice Black. He lives far away from Washington. He does not enjoy the confidence of the family circle called the United States Supreme Court. He has no access to the stream of whispers, where the writer certain of his conclusion can so easily pick up an I-had-it-from-one-who-had-it-from-the-old-boy-himself. His access to surmise is so meager that he is driven for information to the United States Reports and to decorous and solemn annals of like character. But, at least, he is not likely to be called before the great ones in the land, and compelled to retract his statements and to repudiate his sources under oath.

In the use of such materials of appraisal a preliminary word of caution is necessary. A jurist's work is manifest in his opinions and his opinions depend upon his opportunities. Unlike a poet, a philosopher or a historian, a judge is not a self-starter; however great his urge to speak he has to await his case. With courts as with crops there are fat years and lean. Each of nine Justices would like to keep busy on big stuff, but great landmarks of the law do not come along fast enough to keep them all occupied. In theory they are equal; yet custom has decreed that the Chief Justice shall hand out the juicy plums and the dirty work. The chances of the brethren to display their crafts are at his mercy.

The knack of assignment is not Mr. Hughes's strongest point. A different universe lies under each of nine judicial hats. The task is to turn this array of competence to fullest account. A neat suiting of cases to distinct capacities would enhance the quality of the Court's performance; it might lift constitutional law to a new elevation. Yet the actual distribution of opportunity is not in accord with so simple a purpose. Like John Marshall, Mr. Hughes realizes how necessary it is that significant utterances come from the lips of the Chief Justice himself. Among the brethren Mr. Roberts has displayed the greatest flexibility in convictions; and it is fitting that one so readily enlightened himself should be given the task of enlightening others. As the Court has swung to the left, Brandeis and Stone find themselves in the center and are blessed with cases which might once have gone to McReynolds and Butler. Otherwise it is all very much at random. Unless an even division gives him the balance of power, the newcomer must for a time do his work upon the fringes of the docket—or else give vent to his creative urge in dissent.

The assignments to Mr. Justice Black have not been of cosmic importance. In fact, even for a jurist in his first term, they have been scant in number and narrow in issue. The validity of a contract made by a soldier with an institution which gave him a home—the power of the federal government to recollect the erroneous refund of a tax—the definition of Indian country in respect to the forfeiture of a rum-running automobile—the liability of a concern for the tax on a debt paid off by a company with which it had merged—the incidence of a clumsy selection of a court upon the validity of a claim against the government; such are the kind of causes in which Black has delivered the opinion of the Court.

All are engaging little problems. Each is the center of a plot not yet reduced to legal order; but nothing for a Marshall—or a Hughes—to get excited about. Now and then an opening is given for a neat stroke and Black gets it in. In one case he argues that it is absurd to say a "claimant's right would be preserved by filing a petition in the Court of Claims but would be lost" in a District Court. Justice is not to be sacrificed to such delicacies in procedure. In another he holds a company to its tax on a debt vicariously discharged. The gain to the debtor corporation is "as real and substantial as if the money had been paid it and by it paid to its creditor." The thing that has happened must not be obscured by the way it came about. In a third he refuses to allow a number of jailbirds, who committed crimes while on parole, to serve out the remainder of the old sentence and the new one concurrently. "Parole is intended to be a means of restoring offenders who are good social risks to society."

Always the grist, small grain as it is, is neatly ground. There is no verbal display of priestcraft, no strutting of the higher pyrotechnics, no triumphant victory over difficulties of the jurist's own creation. Instead a recitation of the facts, a sharp definition of the issue, an argument that turns not to right or left but marches straight to its goal—and the trick is done. All the cases are disposed of deftly, simply, certainly, in accordance with justice and common sense. The arguments seem obvious—once Black has made them.

In only one instance does he have an opportunity to speak with authority in an important matter. He rises magnificently to the occasion and in F.T.C. v. Standard Education Society enunciates a doctrine as wholesome as it is novel. The concern had sought to escape the law by insisting that its statements were so patently false that no one would be "fatuous enough" to accept

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them at face value. Black for a unanimous bench replied, "Laws are made to protect the trusting as well as the suspicious."—"There is no duty resting upon the citizen to suspect the honesty of those with whom he does business."—"The rule of *caveat emptor* should not be relied upon to reward fraud and deception." These are simple lines which one does not have to be a lawyer to understand. But they do mean that even the consumer has a friend at court.

But a stint of such opinions is not a full term's work for an able-bodied Justice. Nor could Black's ardor in the public service be sated in such an output. Apart from his assignments, there was for him other judicial work to be done. He came to the Court fresh from the front trenches of the Senate. For more than a decade he had been busied with insistent public problems; he was keenly aware of the current necessities of the people. The Supreme Court was just emerging from one of its most regrettable lapses; and he could hardly expect to find himself in full accord with all it was disposed to do. Activity was in his bones and an inability to concur inherent in the situation. Accordingly his talents have found their readiest outlet in dissent; and in dissent his service upon the bench has been most conspicuous.

A trio of cases will give meaning to the already familiar line, "Mr. Justice Black, dissenting." Of all the dissents the opinion in the case of the Connecticut General alone has attracted public attention. A bit of detail must be given, for the official report is at odds with the newspaper accounts. A California statute sought to remove a bit of chaos from our conglomerate tax system. It imposed a tax upon insurance premiums; but, to avoid double taxation, allowed a deduction on "reinsurance." The reinsurance company was, of course, expected to take care of the tax on the share of the business it took over. But to concerns versed in tax avoidance, so reasonable a move might be made more generous still. A California concern reinsured with the Connecticut General and claimed its deduction. The Connecticut General paid up like a good boy—and then sued for a refund on the ground that California premiums were now beyond the reach of the California law.

It was not an easy case; and, for the Court, Mr. Justice Stone did the best he could. For him there seemed no escape from the severities of the federal system; and, in an opinion worthy of a better outcome, he allowed the Connecticut company its escape. It is obvious, as a result, that all premiums may be swallowed up in reinsurance and the state of California left holding the bag. Here was a magnificent opportunity for a blow in favor of rational taxation. States are hard put to it to accommodate taxes to corporations whose activities refuse to respect state boundaries. And the matter has been hopelessly confused by the wrinkles with which the courts have elaborated the pattern of state v. federal authority. But Stone let this main chance go by—and so did Black.

The Court's line of argument was vulnerable at many points. Black made a few sallies, then boldly executed a surprise attack. He challenged the right of the Connecticut corporation to come to the judiciary for relief. He did not say, as an editorial in our greatest metropolitan daily quotes him, that the corporation was not a person and therefore without legal rights. Instead he argued that until 1886 the corporation was not recognized as a person within the intention of the Fourteenth Amendment and therefore could not plead a lack of due process. His argument is adequately grounded in the documents, but Black is too dynamic wholly to rest his case upon the authorities. He recites the familiar words "nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law"; finds that the reading of "person" as a corporation makes sense in respect to "property" but not as to "liberty" or "life"; and argues that its only legitimate meaning is "human being." He argues that the Fourteenth Amendment in vogue is not the one adopted in 1868; discovers that the act of creation stems from the courts; and deplores the usurpation by the judiciary of the right reserved to the people to amend the Constitution. The argument is as lively and devastating as anything the Reports have yielded in many a moon.

The answer has been, not that Black is wrong, but that a ruling of fifty years is too sacred to be disturbed. It has not endured fifty years, for in 1886 it appeared as a dictum and an oral dictum at that. But let that go. Hardly had the retort been uttered before the Court itself, in the Tompkins case, overthrew the august rule of Swift v. Tyson which had endured for well nigh a hundred years. It went further and decided that the Court itself, in giving the venerable usage effect, had been doing an unconstitutional thing. As luck would have it, Black had beaten the Court to it. What was now set down as "the opinion of the Court," he had suggested in dissent weeks earlier.

The reaction of Black in the Connecticut General and of the Court in the Tompkins case are remarkably alike. Black's discussion of "corporate personality" and the Court's repeal of the rule of Swift v. Tyson had little immediate concern with the specific issues in dispute. It is only by accident that Black's opinion serves the cause of tax reform. The Tompkins case came along just when the Court was ready to blow a doctrine that should never have been into kingdom come. Whether Tompkins recovers compensation from the railroad for personal injuries is a matter as yet unsettled, though surely the victim is entitled to some consideration. But let us say that Tompkins sustained injuries in order that the Court might overthrow

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Swift v. Tyson. And ought not the Court itself to compensate one whose injuries were incurred in the course of judicial employment?

The attack direct is more evident in Black's dissent in a couple of patent cases. As he so clearly sees, the whole network of productive processes from which emerge "the common articles of trade and commerce" is shot through with patent rights. "By virtue of these patents" a privileged group "wield tremendous influence on the commercial life of the nation." Although the grants are "for a limited number of years" and are intended "to promote the progress of science and the useful arts," an array of techniques have been concocted for staggering the protection along, and—in defiance of the Constitution—for giving long life to the monopoly. In one of the cases the issue was setting the seal of judicial approval upon a device which in effect extended the patent beyond its statutory life; in the other, an enlargement of the privileges of ownership beyond the legal rights to "make, use and vend." In both cases privilege was accorded the imprimatur of the Court and in both Black was unable to go along. The subject is of general concern, his arguments are telling, the legal campaign along the patent front is just getting under way; yet he dissented alone. Private right sought to be vested; the public interest was in jeopardy; and where, oh where were Brandeis and Stone, JJ?

It is, however, in the dissent in the Indianapolis Water case that the work of Mr. Justice Black is at its peak. A patent is not the only respectable way in which property may be created by litigation. Letting the courts have a hand in shaping the rates of public utilities does equally well. Among such causes the suit in question is notorious. It is the repetition of a case that was for many years in the courts. Its origin—new style—dates from 1931. Its record is a veritable museum of all the obscurities, irrelevancies and procrastinations which judicial review can bring into the administrative process. It becomes further confused with each passing judgment; and, as if it had not been sufficiently muddled, the Court found flaws still lurking in the valuation of the properties—and sent it back to start the upward trek all over again.

Such a triumph of ceremonial over common sense was too much for Mr. Justice Black. He plunged into the voluminous mass of materials built up by this and the former case and came up with startling facts that had escaped judicial notice. The present company had bought up the property at a judicial sale in 1881 for $535,000; little of the added book value was the result of investment by stockholders; for a period of more than forty years the average annual profits were $189,255; the annual rate of return on the common stock for a five-year period had fluctuated from 69 to 96 percent. And, if the company had been willing to accept a valuation as low as $20,282,143, the matter would not now be at issue.

He next addresses himself to the items in dispute. He shows the irrelevance of including farms used for another purpose and heaps scorn upon the claim of compensation for a "diversion right." He refuses to attach an "imaginary value" to the "frustration" of an "imaginary desire" of "imaginary people" to sail "imaginary pleasure boats" upon an "imaginary stream." He refuses to allow the total which equals valuation to be moved up and down in response to the behavior of an index number. As for the legal necessity of reappraisal in response to market conditions, he cannot believe that "the constitutionality of an action by a sovereign state of this Union is dependent upon the market fluctuations of cast-iron pipe." And as for "intangibles," as "expounded by hired experts," they can "neither be seen nor touched" and "rarely understood." In fact the whole process of judicial review of rates is lost in a "confusion of language," a "maze of formulas" and a "jungle of metaphysical concepts." The cause, therefore, should be "dismissed for want of jurisdiction" and the commission should be allowed to go about its work "free from interference by the federal courts." In a word, in respect to rate cases, the courts should shut up shop.

All of this Mr. Justice Black sets down in simple, clear-cut language intelligible to the ordinary person. It may not have style as persons who affect to be men of letters know it. But if its essence lies in the ease with which verbal currency passes from mind to mind, the Court has acquired another master of style. In the Senate and in the conduct of inquiry, Black's rhetoric was marked by a probing for the issue, a sharp barb as the point was driven home, a fire without warmth, a passion for the naked truth, an occasional touch of sarcasm and a relentless drive to the argument. In judicial livery and with scholarly trappings the language is different but the idiom remains unmistakable. He lifts from the text to the margin all that arrests the quick staccato, and achieves for an opinion an order, a clarity and a drive which make it a work of art. His relegation of citations to the footnotes is a revolution in more things than rhetoric. The Black style—as distinguished in its own way as that of Cardozo or Holmes—is an expression of the way of mind and the manner of the man.

The opinions are all pieces touched off by the cause and the occasion. Yet they fit together into a coherent and articulate whole. One who watches the decisions week by week is a bit puzzled by the lines "Mr. Justice Black concurs in the result"—"concurs in the opinion except for" paragraphs so and so—dissents alone. Yet, when the materials are all brought together, it becomes apparent that these technical devices are used to guard the integrity of a judicial philosophy. And this philosophy is mature, well thought out

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and mindful alike of the law of the land and the necessities of the people. To Black the law is the instrument of justice, not an august corpus which demands its ceremonial and its sacrifice. It must be fitted out with simple norms by which human conduct can be appraised; its processes must be stripped of irrelevances and attuned to a quick, simple and far-sighted consideration of the real issue in dispute. The correlative question and the ritualistic circumlocution must be kept out of harm's way on the side-lines. The judge must be alert lest verbalisms get in between his mind and the realities of life. Above all, a case at law must not be allowed to become a trial by ordeal—in which legalisms have at each other with syllogism and citation while the neglected issue awaits the outcome in the offing.

His conception of the office of the courts in a democracy is likewise clean-cut. The judiciary should stick to its litigation and not impose its preferences and techniques upon other agencies of the government. A few weeks ago, in the Morgan case, the Court sought to impress the rigidities of a criminal action upon the administrative process. In his opinion for the Court, Hughes, C.J., confessed that he could not view the fixing of prices for the use of the stockyards otherwise than as a "prosecution" of private concerns by the government. He could not contemplate the setting of rates merely as a necessary arrangement under which business is to be carried on. But Black's mind is hounded by no such anachronism; and he alone of the seven who sat on the case dissented. When he concurs in the Court's opinions, he notes exceptions to passages which concede rights to corporations under the Fourteenth Amendment or which indulge the judicial review of findings of administrative bodies. As opinion follows opinion, the beat falls insistently upon the public interest. The suit may be between private litigants, but the public is a party to the cause and its interest the courts must guard. But the dominant note is the insistence upon reality; Black cannot understand why a group of men, just because they are called a court, cannot face the real issues cleanly, honestly and squarely. In all the body of personal utterances there is not a radical line. His protest is usually against an upstart doctrine which came into the law little more than a generation ago. As a true conservative his habitual appeal is from the *status quo* to the *status quo ante*. Outside of the priesthood of the law, almost all men of substance and good will would accept his attitude as common sense.

It is no criticism of his brethren that he must make his own way. The novice must defer to the masters of the craft, and such deference does not come easily to him. He regards the sacred cows as ordinary heifers; finds it impossible to accept verbal symbols as realities; refuses to metamorphose the actual question to be resolved into an esoteric issue at law; and fails to appreciate the pomp and circumstance of circumlocution by which the processes of justice are kept decorous. And the Supreme Court, like any other savage tribe, demands of its members a reasonable conformity to its folkways.

A number of factors hinder an easy accommodation to his new habitat. The surest bond between Black and the Court is Cardozo. Their ways of expression are poles apart; Black strips away verbiage and lays the issue bare; Cardozo gives to current necessity the verisimilitude of the ancient law. Yet both probe to reality and make judgment the minister of justice. And Cardozo, nearest of intellectual kin, has been away from the Court for the greater part of the term. Besides, Black's views must be a bit disturbing to the vested ideas of the older Justices. For nearly two decades Mr. Justice Brandeis has battled against "cost of reproduction new." Now that his Court has accepted his theory of "prudent investment," it must be disturbing to have a youngster wave it away as irrelevant by putting the question in a novel way.

Yet Black's ultimate appeal must be, not to his colleagues, but to the democracy he professes to serve. And there is little doubt that he is closer to his times than any of his brethren. The outstanding achievement of the term which draws to a close is in the domain of labor; Mr. Chief Justice Hughes, an able strategist, has executed an about-face for his Court in double-quick time. But in respect to patents, taxation, the established fact of a national economy and a host of problems concerned with imposing some sort of order upon a turbulent industrial system, the bench has advanced too little beyond the dark Victorian ages. As to the administrative process Mr. Hughes is still the High Priest forcing conformity not only upon lesser courts but upon boards and commissions as well.

For that reason the Black dissent in the Indianapolis Water case is a hopeful symbol and a wholesome prophecy. It promises to liberate administrative bodies from slavery to archaic ceremonials and to leave them free to shape ways and means to the ends they are expected to serve. Business moves at a breathless tempo, and its oversight in the public interest cannot be toned down to the tortoise tread of a procrastinating case at law. If there were a grand prize for the jurist's art, the award for 1938 should go to Hugo Lafayette Black for his opinion in the Indianapolis Water case.

A single term of court does not make a great judge. It is much too early to appraise the lasting work of Black. Here and there in the opinions are expressions that sound ominous. The references to Indiana and California as "sovereign states" may be nothing more than rhetoric—or they may indicate a failure to grasp fully the want of respect which a national industrial system pays to state boundaries. As yet no legal clash

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between state and nation has drawn Black's views into sharp relief. Nor has he yet shown that his liberalism is to be spent in domesticating "the great economy" to the common good rather than in a vain attempt to recapture an era of small enterprise which is gone. The impact of unjust criticism upon his personality and work has yet to show its effect. A number of great jurists have had to "take it." Marshall was "no lawyer"; Taney, a "political henchman"; Brandeis, a "man without integrity." Can Black stand up under the fire of critics who fear him because of his independence and integrity? Can he withstand a long campaign by enemies who ignore the record and will not stoop to fact? For the moment he brings a breath of fresh air into a rather musty courtroom. But can he year after year retain his contact with democracy and march with the marching times?

Or is such an enduring freshness too much to expect of a judge? It is unfair to accuse the President of making an appointment to obtain an exhibit. But Black's very presence on the bench has served to date much of the work of the Court and to reveal the outmoded views of some of its members. The world outside the law courts moves at a breakneck speed. Can it be that the universe inside the judicial head cannot keep pace? Is it possible that the length of tenure is seriously at odds with the national task the Court has come to perform?

WALTON HAMILTON

Mexican Bad Man

GENERAL SATURNINO CEDILLO is in revolt in central Mexico. Cedillo is the last of the big self-made barons of the revolutionary period, the product of twenty and more years of armed upheaval, which gradually canalized into a popular social revolution. He is the product of the clash of foreign versus Mexican interests, in which the struggle for petroleum took the center of the stage with proper melodrama—murder, battle, banditry, threatened war. Now, twenty-eight years after Francisco Madero, the first modern apostle of Mexican liberty, was jailed in this same San Luis Potosí, the scene of the present trouble, the Mexican people have triumphantly seized control of their most lawless industry. But of the social aims of the revolution of which he was so much a part, Cedillo knows little.

He merely rode upon the crest of disorder, matching his violent spirit with the violence of the times. Having ability, greed, courage and cruelty, he stamped his will on the lonely deserts, the rugged mountains and valleys of his native state. He was soil of its soil, a stocky, full-blooded Indian, through whose veins flowed the cold cunning of a race defeated and long oppressed, which also had acquired the ruthless personal ambitions of the oppressors.

Before the revolution even started, he had climbed out of the serfdom of his own people to become a petty rancher; and the rancher in Mexico, for centuries caught between the cultural thrust of the native folk and the competition of the large Spanish landholders, survived only by fierce, daring individualism. When revolution swept the land, such men had no alternative but to fight. Cedillo rode with the revolution. He rode with Villa. He helped Carranza oust Victoriano Huerta. He betrayed Carranza in behalf of Obregón, and became the dictator of his state.

An ignorant man, he had known his people well enough to stand for the new land program. According to McBride, before the revolution, 98.2 percent of the heads of rural families in San Luis Potosí were propertyless, paupers, serfs, without rights. But the cause of land reform was never deep within Cedillo. By 1920, after ten years of fighting, only four villages in his state had received lands. Cedillo was never in harmony with the village communal system. Ever the rancher, he clung fast to personal land ownership. Soon he was adding to his own holdings, enriching himself at the expense of the cause he was supposedly furthering. And he was absolute master of San Luis Potosí; his word was law. For eighteen years and more his word has been law there.

Some years ago, so busy was he raking in land, wealth and new concubines that he forgot to pay the school teachers for a whole year. When they went on strike, he branded them as "Communists," threw some into jail, and made others work in the sun on his vast estates at the point of the bayonet. Federal pressure forced their release—after many days. Some had to walk barefoot over the stones back to the capital. Some were never heard of again.

Cedillo has been supreme in San Luis Potosí. To his own armed followers he has given land and kept them armed, like feudal retainers. They are organized into a fake agrarian league.

But he has permitted no labor unions in that mining state, where foreign capital gouges out the wealth of the hills. Every time an attempt has been made to hold a labor meeting, he has broken it up with armed thugs and bloodshed. When last year Cárdenas disarmed the Cedillo private militia, and sent in an agrarian commission to enforce the land laws, with orders not to exempt even Cedillo, an undeclared war was on. The local feudal barons decided to fight.

For some years now, Cedillo has been the principal white hope of the reactionaries. Many Catholics, who a few years before had denounced him as a bandit,

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came to look upon him as a savior, for he has steadfastly refused to enforce the religious laws in his domain. In Mexico City, I have heard American business men say, "Cedillo and Almazán are our only hope now." (Almazán, another old-line general grown wealthy, is close to the mine and steel interests of Monterrey which several years back promoted an unsuccessful plot to oust Cárdenas.)

Of late, Cedillo has been known to have become an ardent admirer of Hitler and the Nazi doctrines. One of his right-hand men is Baron von Merk, former German army man, said to have a Gestapo record and to be in touch with Nazi and Fascist groups in Mexico and the United States. Cedillo is charged by the CTM, the national labor federation, with having smuggled German and Italian arms shipments across the border from Guatemala and other shipments from the United States. He acquired a whole fleet of airplanes, which President Cárdenas last year obliged him to sell to the federal government. Recently he has secretly obtained other planes, another Nazi agent being the intermediary.

If this sounds fantastic, it is merely because the American public is only hazily informed about the Nazi-Fascist *Putsch* in Latin America, active in every country and determined to cut England's life-line with the New World in case of war. The Nazis have been very busy in Mexico. They have had close relations with the Gold Shirts and other small organizations which, though their membership is minute, have plenty of funds and distribute much propaganda. The so-called Brown House on Uruguay Street is a center for many of these activities. The Gold Shirts specialize in anti-Semitic literature. Sometimes frightful cartoons of the Jews as enemies of the true Faith are printed on the back of pictures of the Virgin of Guadalupe.

But though ignorant folk are misled, the Catholic hierarchy itself does not seem to be falling for this delusion. A somewhat liberal trend has swept over the Mexican prelates. Catholic extremists, who look to men like Cedillo, are apparently for the moment not in favor. This is partly due to the political astuteness of President Cárdenas. While he has not set aside any of the restrictive legislation to which the Church so objects, he soon showed that within the legal framework, the Catholics would have full guarantees.

More and more, finding they had legal protection, the Catholics have desisted from their attacks on public education. And when Cárdenas took over the oil fields, the hierarchy, along with most of Mexico, so stirred by crusading pride, swung in behind him and agreed to raise several million pesos to help pay. This was a remarkable change of heart. Though Cedillo has the backing of local clericals, he will have to become more than an outlaw in the hills before the Church as a whole gives him aid or switches its allegiance.

Some people, no doubt, take it for granted that the Church and the oil interests are directly backing Cedillo. But no documentary evidence for such charges has been disclosed. Rodgríguez, head of the Gold Shirts, allied with Cedillo and plotting in the United States, has been receiving strange American agents. Only an official investigation—such as one by the United States Senate—could verify suspected tie-ups.

President Cárdenas has charged that the oil companies have been plotting armed trouble, a charge they have hotly denied. Certainly in the past, they and American mining companies have subsidized revolts—it is all on the record. One mining-company president once shipped a million rounds of ammunition to rebels in Mexico. The bandit Pelaez was on the payroll of American oil companies. San Luis Potosí borders on the rich oil state of Tamaulipas, said to be the goal of the Cedillistas. It was in Tamaulipas, some months ago, that the Gold Shirts staged an unsuccessful border invasion.

A few days after the Cedillo revolt broke out, the oil companies spread full-page advertisements over the Mexico City dailies, declaring they were entitled to fight for their rights. To place such ads at such a ticklish moment was certainly far from loyal to the government, to put it mildly, though quite in keeping with the long record of defiance of Mexican law, including the recent verdict of the Mexican Supreme Court.

The fact that Cedillo has a Nazi tie-up does not preclude also an American oil tie-up. Those who have followed closely Nazi activities in South America know that in many places, much to the perplexity of the State Department, the very companies which at home are demanding aggressive Pan-Americanism, are getting hand-in-glove with Nazi-Fascist groups and agents, are actively promoting our State Department's strange friendship with dictatorships which are half under the thumb of European agents. All this in the name of good will!

Cedillo and his revolt, and similarly the psychology and practices of the oil companies, have been the products of the same wild-cat era of lawless violence. Just as Cedillo feels himself above all law except his own will, so have the oil companies long considered themselves above Mexican law. For many years they ruled much of the state of Tamaulipas as an independent kingdom in much the same way that Cedillo has ruled San Luis Potosí. Not even government inspectors could penetrate those padlocked gates. Those who took their duties too seriously were fed to the buzzards.

Various oil companies fought every effort toward clearing up their titles, which were maintained at the point of the gun, fought every effort to tax them properly, every effort to make them take out drilling permits, every effort to regulate production. At a time when our Secretary of State, Bainbridge Colby, was fulminating that Mexican taxes savored of confiscation,

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our own government, in income, import and other taxes, was getting more revenue out of Mexican oil shipped to the United States than was Mexico's.

The constant demand of the Mexican people for over twenty years has been for the nationalization of their oil fields. They have been balked by threats of armed intervention, by constant diplomatic pressure, by armed banditry supported by oil companies, by the agreements of 1923, by the Morrow compromise. But in the end their will has prevailed—fortunately, at a time when our good-neighbor policy made intimidation in the old style difficult. At no time have the Mexican people ever been more firmly united in their aims and less in a mood to be ruled by old-style military dictatorship, with all its brutalities, or by foreign capital, or by any combination of the two. Nor do they want Nazism anywhere in the land.

CARLETON BEALS

Hemingway Reports Spain

As we have done on three previous occasions, we present selected passages from recent dispatches of Ernest Hemingway, who is reporting the Spanish war for the North American Newspaper Alliance. Some of them have been printed in newspapers affiliated with the Alliance, but such publication has often been incomplete because of lack of space. —THE EDITORS

Tarragona

THE EAST BANK of the Ebro is steep and the mountains look like something the hero should come galloping down in a Western film with a posse close behind. They're almost too romantic-looking to make war in. But they dominate the western-bank positions beautifully and would be ideal for watching the Italian effort. Only there wasn't any attack. Beyond the far mountains, the Navarrese and the Moors were working down along the Cati-Albocacer Road, but the Italians were definitely checked.

Finally, going down to the Ebro itself, we saw some enemy infantry. They were walking up the road on the opposite bank, leading some extremely unmotorized mules. Across the river was an old castle with two machine guns in the towers and a tin can in one window. The tin can shone brightly in the sun and, in the dark doorway, an enemy infantryman came out, looked at us and went back in.

On the bank of the shallow stretch of the Ebro was a long ferryboat lying on its side. A Government anti-tank gun sent a shell toward it that whished across the river, cutting through the bouncing echo of the report, and burst just above the boat. The next shell hit it and stove in the stern. Two more shells burst along the boat, one tearing a piece out of the gunwale. Figuring the boat now thoroughly unseaworthy, the anti-tank gun tried for the castle doorway. It was high once, throwing yellow dust. Then it hit the door twice. I wanted them to try for the tin can in the window, but they said shells cost 700 pesetas apiece. So the castle sniped at us a little, and we called it a quiet day.

Tortosa

Ahead of us, fifteen Heinkel light bombers, protected by Messerschmidt pursuit planes, swung round and round in a slow circle, like vultures waiting for an animal to die. Each time they passed over a certain point, there was the thud of bombs. As they swung over the bare hillside, keeping their steady formation, every third ship would dive, its guns spitting. They kept that up for forty-five minutes unmolested, and what they were diving and bombing on was a company of infantry making a last stand on the hillside and bare ridge at noon on this hot spring day to defend the Barcelona-Valencia road.

Above us in the high cloudless sky, fleet after fleet of bombers roared over Tortosa. When they dropped the sudden thunder of their loads, the little city on the Ebro disappeared in a yellow mounting cloud of dust. The dust never settled, as more bombers came, and, finally, it hung like a yellow fog all down the Ebro valley. The big Savoia-Marchetti bombers shone white and silvery in the sun, and, as one group hammered over, another came.

Ahead of us all this time, the Heinkels were circling and diving with the mechanical monotony of movement of a quiet afternoon at a six-day bike race. And, under them, a company of men lay behind rocks in hastily dug fox holes and in simple folds of the ground, trying to hold up the advance of an army.

At 4 o'clock in the morning, driving into a full moon that lighted the rocky Catalan hills, the jutting cypresses and weirdly chopped trunks of the plane trees, we headed for the front. By daylight, we passed the old Roman walls of Tarragona, and, by the time the sun was warming, we were meeting the first groups of refugees.

There were many reasons impelling us to get by Tortosa toward Barcelona, including life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. So when the car arrived at Tortosa and a guard said the bombers had blown up the bridge and that we couldn't go through, it was something that we had worried about for so long and so many times it made almost no impression except a feeling that "now it has really happened." "You can try the little bridge that they are fixing with some planks," the guard said.

The boys were working, hammering, nailing and

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sawing as fast and hard as a good crew on a vessel in distress at sea. And, on our right, one section of the great iron bridge across the Ebro had slumped down into the stream and another gaped missing. The mass bombing of forty-eight bombers, using bombs which, judging from the holes they made and the way they flung houses into rubble across the road, must have been between 300 and 450 pounds apiece, had got the Tortosa bridge at last. In the town, a gasoline truck was burning. Driving through the street was like mountaineering in the craters of the moon. The railroad bridge still stands and a pontoon bridge undoubtedly will be built, but it is a bad night for the west bank of the Ebro.

Ebro Delta

Up the Tortosa road, planes were diving and machine-gunning. German planes are absolutely methodical, though. They do their job, and, if you are a part of their job, you're out of luck. If you are not included in their job, you can go very close to them and watch them as you can watch lions feeding. If their orders are to strafe the road on their way home, you will get it. Otherwise, when they are finished with their jobs on their particular objective, they go off like bank clerks, flying home.

Up toward Tortosa, things looked quite deadly already from the way the planes were acting. But down here on the delta, the artillery were still only warming up like baseball pitchers lobbing them over in the bull pen. You crossed a stretch of road that in another day would be worth your life to sprint across, and headed for a white house above a canal that paralleled the Ebro and dominated the yellow town across the river where the Fascists were preparing their attack.

For three days you had been on the other side of the river while General Aranda's troops had been advancing and the feeling of danger, of suddenly running onto cavalry or tanks or armored cars, was something as valid as the dust you breathed or the rain that settled the dust finally and beat on your face in the open car. Now there was contact finally between the two armies and there would be a battle to hold the Ebro, but, after the uncertainty, the contact came as a relief.

Artillery was picking up a little now. Two came in at a fairly useful place, and, as the smoke blew away ahead and settled through the trees, you picked an armful of spring onions from a field beside the trail that led to the main Tortosa road. They were the first onions of this spring and, peeling, one found they were plump and white and not too strong. The Ebro delta has a fine rich land, and, where the onions grow, tomorrow there will be a battle.

Lerida

Your correspondent entered Lerida today. It's not very hard to do. All you have to do is keep your legs moving steadily and control a slight tickling sensation between your shoulderblades and the base of your neck as you cross the railway yard and come under machine-gun fire from a tower 500 yards away.

The troops holding eastern Lerida are veterans of the siege of Madrid and already have constructed ditches and communication trenches, taking advantage of every fold of the ground that would mean the difference between being sniped through the head and being able to go about their business.

Fortification had progressed so far and was being run out so skillfully that this correspondent seemed back in the old days of Usera and Casa del Campo before Madrid. Only here all was green, flowering and abundant. Pear trees candelabraed along the gray walls where picks had opened holes for snipers. Trenches angled through kitchen gardens full of peas, beans, cauliflower and cabbage. Poppies were bright in the green wheat between the almond trees, and the bare, gray, white walls of Madrid seemed far away.

Then, a soldier, peering through the wall, fired twice and you saw his cheek punched back from the kick of the long-stocked, ugly Mauser. He peered again and waved you over.

"Look at that bunch of uncles over there," he said.

"Shoot at them," an officer said. "Don't watch them; hit them."

Through a gap in the wall, you saw with field glasses the cone-shaped muzzle of a light machine gun looking at you through a little break in the garden fence less than a hundred yards away. A man showed among the fruit trees of the garden, then disappeared.

"Fire when you see them," the officer ordered. "When they open with that gun, we will drop a trench-mortar shell on it. You never get a good shot at a Moor in the open."

There is still enough clear, fast-flowing water in the pebbly bed of the Segre so that it is up to a man's neck in the shallowest parts if he tried to wade across. The captain with me knew this because he said he couldn't swim and that it came up to just under his nose when he crossed after they blew the bridges.

"First thing I am going to do when I have time is learn to swim," he explained seriously. "When you are fighting a rearguard action, it is a most valuable accomplishment. Always, after you blow the bridges, you must get across. A knowledge of swimming is invaluable to a practical soldier."

Castellon

One thousand feet below, the blue sea crawled lazily and there were only two passengers in the twenty-two-passenger plane. You were flying past the stretch of Spanish coast that Franco's forces hold. Those two white towns were Vinaroz and Benicarlo and that brown range of hills that slid down into the sea like a dinosaur come to drink was the line holding up Franco's advance toward Castellon.

Alicante, where we landed, was full of British and

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French shipping. Tramps chartered by the Spanish government's purchasing agency were discharging cargoes of grain and coal. Others we were unable to investigate because of lack of time to get a customs pass. Alicante has been put on a strict war basis, all hotels and restaurants serving a uniform meal costing five pesetas. Five pesetas, less than five cents on the Black Bourse, rates about 30 cents on the controlled exchange and it bought at noon a bowl of stew, a ration of bread and two pieces of cheese. For dinner, a bowl of soup, fish that may have swum through at one time, one fried egg and one orange.

In Valencia, prices for a meal were the same but the food was much better—six varieties of hors d'oeuvres, an excellent meat stew and unlimited oranges. For the first time Valencia seemed to know that a war was really on and, although the cafés were still crowded, men of military age were now all in uniform.

Driving past the great rice fields of Albufera and the green, overabundant richness of Valencia's famous Huerta en route to the front, this correspondent realized why Valencia eats well. There is no richer stretch of country in the world and the government holds Spain's granary in La Mancha and Spain's kitchen garden, fruit orchards and a big part of the olive orchards with the provinces of Murcia, Alicante and Castellon.

"The panic is all over," the commander said. "There have been hard fighting and constant attacks every day since they broke through to the sea, but we are defending this coastline a foot at a time. Not a foot on the map, as it went the first day," he grinned.

Madrid

There were poppy petals in the newly dug trench, blown from the grassy fields whipped flat by the wind from the snow-capped mountains. Across pine woods of the old royal hunting lodge rose the white skyline of Madrid. Forty yards away, a Fiat light machine gun tapped in sharp deadliness.

We sheltered our heads behind the upthrown dirt and looked across the rolling, broken ground where, thirteen months ago, Largo Caballero's offensive against the pine-spotted hill Garabitas, which dominates Madrid, had failed. The hill is there, just as the skyline of Madrid is still there, but steadily, in the last two months, the government has been running out trenches to outflank it.

A famous brigade, nicknamed "the moles of Usera," which took the trench of death that dominated that battered suburb and dug and mined its way forward until the Franco forces had to give up position after dominating position on that front, is pushing steadily forward, outflanking this hill which could resist any amount of frontal attack. It was good to see the "moles" again. This correspondent hadn't been with them since early December and was curious to see how their morale was after communications had been cut between Madrid and Barcelona.

"Show me on the map how it is in Catalonia," the commander asked. This correspondent showed the line and explained just what had happened. The commander followed it with only mild interest.

"Good," he said. "Now I want to show you something interesting. This is much better than Usera. The ground is better for work and we have marvelous projects."

There you have it. That's the one unaccountable factor that foreigners never figure when analyzing the Spanish campaign. This factor is the regionalism of the Spaniard. It can have a bad effect when it is desired to link up operations on the biggest scale. But, once one sector is isolated from another, instead of being panicked, they seem relieved at not being bothered by the necessity of contact with another region.

Today I talked with a dozen Spanish officers I knew well, and not one asked anything but perfunctory questions about how things are going on the coastal or Ebro front. All they wanted to do was tell how well things were going in their sector. This can be a weakness, and, as a weakness, it can be overcome. But, as a strength, it can never be inculcated or replaced.

Madrid now has a war of its own and seems happy with it. The Levante has a war of its own and is proud of it. Extremadura and Andalusia have their war and don't have to worry about Catalonia. They are relieved. Catalonia is fighting on her own now and considers she has something worth fighting for.

It's a strange country all right, and history has proved that when you divide it is when it becomes most dangerous. United, there has always been sectional jealousy. Once divided, comes the pride of province, of section, of city and of district. Napoleon found this out to his defeat, and two other dictators are discovering it today.

Officers I have talked to in the last two days while visiting the central front say they have enough munitions to fight a year if necessary and more are being manufactured all the time.

"What we need is artillery, more automatic weapons and planes, and we will be ready to take the offensive," they said.

Discounting all optimism, this trip has been a revelation to this correspondent, flying in from the Catalonian front. Madrid is unchanged and more solid than ever. Each day and night, trenches and saps are being run out to outflank the enemy and eventually to relieve the siege of the city. Certainly, there will be bitter fighting to defend Castellon, and Franco will try to cut down from the Teruel sector between Castellon and Valencia. But there is a year of war clearly to be seen ahead where European diplomats are trying to say it will be over in a month.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

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Shoot the Works

About Ancestors Past and to Come

I WAS PLEASED, recently, to learn that I had been tapped for the D. A. R. If my credentials prove satisfactory I shall most certainly join on account of my profound respect for the ideals of the organization. Particularly moving was the address delivered by Margaret Hatfield at the Roger Williams Anniversary Meeting held May 22 in the Hall of Fame of New York University.

"May we," said Miss Hatfield, "the Descendants of the American Revolution, be delivered from worshiping ancestors as ancestors! May we worship only the ideals of our ancestors—those ideals consistent with the fundamentals of democracy, as stated in that immortal document within the Constitution, the Bill of Rights. . . .

"We are indignant at those Judas Tories of today, who, descended from revolutionary ancestors, trade upon their lineage while they betray the very ideas of those ancestors whom they pretend to revere."

This was well said. In fact I am under the impression that there was once an organization before the founding of the Descendants of the American Revolution which also called itself the D. A. R., but took a reactionary attitude on almost everything. That one, if memory serves me, was limited wholly to females and each applicant was required to produce not only a satisfactory ancestor but also a horse and buggy and a brazier for burning witches. Possessing neither brazier nor brassière I'm afraid I am not eligible for the old branch of the D. A. R. But I would like to join the Descendants. However, it is necessary to find an ancestor. To be sure, President Roosevelt did tell the Model T Daughters not to forget that we are descended from immigrants, but it may be that my ancestors did not come from the right places or at the right time.

I begin to fear that my own family has been living in a fool's paradise. As a manly little lad growing up on the sidewalks of New York I used to annoy the other boys by proudly proclaiming, "My great-great grandfather fought in the War of the American Revolution." Nor was that an invention. Even in those days I had no talent for fiction. The lesson had been learned at my mother's knee. And she in turn merely passed on information which had been imparted to her by an elderly aunt.

They used to wheel in my Great Aunt Kate Joyce on state occasions. By now I can't remember whether she had once waltzed with Lincoln or whether she, with her own eyes, had seen the head of our clan, one General Sterling, ride off on a white charger to join the forces of George Washington. At any rate she was very ancient and on one occasion was said to have killed three Indians with a biscuit beater. She never mentioned the incident in my presence and indeed she gave up beating biscuits before I was born.

As I approached the years of discretion it seemed to me that there was a curious reticence about the General who linked us all to the founders of the nation. The fact that he had ridden away from his Connecticut farm to offer his all to the Revolution was mentioned. "He gave up everything he had to follow the Father of our country," one of my numerous aunts assured me. Although this was years before I ever stepped into a newspaper office, something of the spirit of the inquiring reporter was already in me. "Just what was 'everything,' Aunt Alicia?" I asked.

And under a merciless cross-examination she broke down and admitted that the General left behind him two rocky acres which had been ploughed for corn, a leaky farmhouse and two mortgages. Later she allowed me to look over some of his effects. Mostly they consisted of cryptic notes of an identical nature which read "Per 2 qts gynne 5 shillings sixpence kindly remit at yr. earliest convenience yr obediente servant—Hiram Gordon."

Being unable to make head or tail of this I went to Aunt Alicia who said that nobody in the family knew what on earth this "gynne" might be but that an uncle of hers had explained that it was a kind of homespun cloth used by early settlers to protect them from the chill blasts of the New England winter. At any rate the General rode away on his white horse and as far as our branch of the family goes the rest is silence. His scant acres were eventually sold for taxes and now constitute what is known as the "yard" of Yale University.

Once I thought I had a clue. Sunday dinner at our house was open and often very mixed. On a certain Easter an Uncle Kellog showed up. His name was new to me although I was now going on ten and taking thirteen-year-old pants. Nobody seemed very glad to see him. He was a furtive sort of fellow with a curious trick of talking out of the corner of his mouth. My father, who customarily carried his money loose in his trousers pocket, slipped a clip upon the bills and shifted them inside his coat before he was introduced to Uncle Kellog. The visitor grew quite talkative after dinner and told a story about the General which has furnished me material for many columns. According to his account, General Sterling is well remembered in Revolutionary history as the man who set the mark of 1.10 1/5 for six furlongs. And that would be good time for "War Admiral" today. "It was a muddy track at that," commented Uncle Kellog, "but the British were after him and he rode hell for leather."

Aunt Alicia coughed and said to me, "Your Uncle Kellog has always had a great talent for making up stories. We hoped he would grow up to be a newspaper reporter."

Presently somebody asked our guest if he wasn't afraid that he might miss the last train and he left grudgingly and never returned. Nobody seemed to have a ready answer when I piped up as soon as the door slammed, "Where has Uncle Kellog been all this time?" There was a silence and then Aunt Alicia volunteered, "Your Uncle Kellog met with some early reverses. He has been living in Australia." A week later nobody would let me look at the newspapers except the page containing the funnies. Aunt Alicia said to my mother meaningly, "Uncle Kellog has been sent back to Australia and for twenty years this time." My father who had taken no part in the conversation got up quietly and began to count the silver spoons in the upper right-hand drawer of the sideboard.

A childish enthusiasm lingers, and for years I clung to my hero worship of the late General Sterling, the Snapper Garrison of the American Revolution. But last week I ran into an eminent American historian. "I read a piece of yours

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about your great ancestor General Sterling," he said, and added hastily, "of course I don't always agree with you."

"Naturally you know," he cautioned, "that there was no such person."

And so it may be that I cannot become a D. A. R. and will be compelled to wait until history turns back upon its tracks. And in the days to come it may be that I could be a member of the A. A. R., which would stand for Ancestors of the American Revolution. HEYWOOD BROUN

Washington Notes

Sweatshop Politics

LAST WEEK in the House, the Northern Republicans, filled with glee and bad faith, refused to offer active opposition to the wages-and-hours bill. A few of them, indeed, voted for it. As passed by the House, the bill did not contain differentials in favor of the South. The Republicans believed that the bill would tend to split apart the Northern and Southern wings of the Democratic Party. In Southern industrial districts, they thought it would stir up hostility to Mr. Roosevelt and the New Deal. The Republicans almost laughed aloud as they reflected on how they were helping to bring confusion to the Democrats.

However, the official Democratic leaders of the House, who are predominantly Southern, also wore smug smiles. They showed themselves indifferent to the Republican maneuvers. As the debate progressed, the Republicans—together with New Dealers who honestly wanted a single, national minimum wage—began to have uneasy suspicions. These became acute when it was announced that Mr. Gerard D. Reilly, solicitor of the Labor Department, had given an opinion casting doubt on the bill's constitutionality. It was whispered that the administration, despite appearances, was not supporting the bill. The House Democratic leaders were said to have received assurances that the Southern differential would be written into the bill either by the Senate or in conference between the Senate and House. The Republicans began to wonder whether they had been outsmarted.

These were not the only plots and counter-plots in the House last week. A group of Neanderthalers from both Republican and Democratic Parties were reported to be engaged in digging a parliamentary pit for the measure as a whole. If the bill is essentially changed by the Senate or in the Senate-House conference—as it would be if the Southern differential were added—it must return to the House Rules Committee. The House Neanderthalers were said to be conspiring to keep it locked up there until adjournment. This would be a bare-faced denial of the will of Congress, but, when it is remembered that the Rules Committee has three times previously refused to report a wages-and-hours bill, it does not seem impossible.

The amendment of Senator Hale to the relief-and-recovery bill, under which the PWA would be debarred from making grants and loans for projects that compete with private business, has a complicated history. It throws light on the incipient division between those administration members who wish to make peace with business, and those who propose to hold the New Deal fort. Despite cloudy denials from the White House, it is reasonably clear that the administration at first did not disapprove of Mr. Hale's amendment. We have the word of Senator Russell, a devoted Roosevelt supporter, that no administration protest was raised when Mr. Hale laid his proposal before the Senate Appropriations Subcommittee. More important, however, is the fact that when Mr. Roosevelt ordered the curtailment of the PWA a year ago, he made exceptions only for "moral-obligation" projects—that is, where communities had issued bonds for their share of the cost. By implication, all other projects were killed. From reliable sources, it is learned that administration negotiators with the private-utility systems have pointed to Mr. Roosevelt's order as solid proof that no further federal money would be made available for electric-power developments.

Apparently the administration peace-makers made three miscalculations. It seems not to have been expected that Mr. Hale, a die-hard Tory, would be the amendment's sponsor. In any case, the drafting of the amendment was badly botched. Under it, all projects of whatever nature competing with private enterprise were forbidden. Horrified administration Senators pointed out that schools and hospitals could not be built in neighborhoods where private schools and hospitals existed. A bridge would even be illegal if a privately owned ferry were near by. Simultaneously, Senator Byrnes, one of the most powerful administration leaders, awoke to the cruel discovery that the $37,500,000 Santee-Cooper project in this home state of South Carolina would be debarred from funds. Momentarily, it was proposed to write specific exceptions for the Santee-Cooper project and about a dozen other senatorial pets. This scheme was dropped when it became clear that it might lead to the wholesale earmarking of PWA money.

The most serious error of the peace-makers, however, was to underestimate the fire and vitality of Senator Norris of Nebraska. Mr. Norris announced that he would fight the Hale amendment, or any variation of it, and immediately afterwards the administration capitulated. Apparently Mr. Roosevelt was willing to have his peace-makers arrange what terms they could with the utility interests as long as he himself was not publicly involved. Obviously, however, he could not undertake to defend the utilities against Mr. Norris and the congressional public-ownership bloc. The issue is still undecided, but Mr. Norris and his associates appear to have an excellent chance of prevailing.

During the debate on the relief-and-recovery bill, Mr. John Carmody of the Rural Electrification Administration has had millions alternately thrown at his head and snatched away again. The REA now has before it projects aggregating about $90,000,000. Representative Rankin of Mississippi, perhaps the chief friend of rural electrification in the House, suggested that $100,000,000 of relief funds be placed at Mr. Carmody's disposal. An amendment to this effect was voted by the House amid cheers. However, since the REA had previously received an appropriation of $40,000,000 in the annual administration budget, it found itself the prospective recipient of about 50 percent more money than it could immediately use. Other administration

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agencies objected sharply. The magnanimous Mr. Carmody accordingly went before the Senate Appropriations Subcommittee and explained that he could manage nicely with an additional $60,000,000, instead of $100,000,000. This was perhaps the first time in history that an administration official has asked Congress for exactly what he needed, and no more. The Senate subcommittee was incredulous, and promptly cut the requested $60,000,000 down to $25,000,000. The House power bloc countered by announcing that it would vote against acceptance of any bill denying Mr. Carmody his original $100,000,000. It is to be hoped that the Senate-House conference gives Mr. Carmody the $60,000,000 that he really wants and can use to good advantage.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Mr. Whitney, Professor Ise and Small Business

WHEN THE EFFECTS of Richard Whitney were disposed of, among them was an humble volume of my own which belonged to the great financier. It was a copy of my book, "Security Speculation: Its Economic Effects." It was probably the least-prized of Mr. Whitney's possessions. But it had been rather well thumbed and there are few pages which do not bear marginal notes of some sort expressing the reader's violent disagreement with almost every paragraph. One section is of more than passing interest—that relating to that highly explosive subject, segregation of brokers' functions.

For a good many years I have tried to multiply the permits a man to be an agent of investors and at the proofs of the vicious character of the Exchange rule which same time a speculator on his own account. The broker holds in his hands the monies and the securities of his clients. He knows his clients' investment position. In no other business in the world would a man occupying such a trust be permitted to be an inveterate gambler. On the Stock Exchange alone a broker holding millions of fiduciary funds in his hands is not only permitted but literally encouraged to be a daily gambler. This is what Mr. Whitney was. And, despite his wealth, his powerful position, he got around to using the funds and securities of his clients. He was the victim of this baleful practice of broker-trader function united in one man. But in this volume on the margin of the page where this subject is treated, Mr. Whitney wrote in pencil the word "Bunk."

Alas! Can it be that we live in a world of suckers? Years ago H. I. Phillips, then columnist on the old New York Globe, of which I was managing editor, in one of his whimsical moments put into his column a burlesque of the paper's summer camp for kids. It was in the days of prohibition. So Phillips announced that he was soliciting funds to send old drinking men to Canada for a week or two weeks where they could get a supply of good beer. "Send a beer-drinker to Canada," he named the movement. Then he wrote feelingly of the sufferings of the aged bock-drinker too poor to buy bootleg brew. It was in Phillips' best style of solemn nonsense. To his amazement and disturbance the money began to flow in and it took some days to stop it.

In the same vein some time ago John Ise, a widely known professor of Economics in the University of Kansas, who had a sharp tongue and a sly humor and hated tariffs and the gentlemen who grow fat on them, wrote a burlesque pamphlet on the subject. He called it "Excelsior." It told the tale of a country which wanted to grow rich and decided to use the tariff as a means of doing so. It was so successful that a tariff was imposed on every possible article. The country prospered so amazingly that then it was decided to put tariff walls around each state. This only added to the wealth of the people. So they went the whole distance and imposed universal tariffs on all articles in every county and every town and village. This raised the standards of living so high and set everybody to buying so wildly and added so astonishingly to profits that the work day was cut more and more until it was reduced to only half an hour. But even this did not suffice to check the production of riches so that all were compelled by law to work with but one hand. At this point the success of the experiment was so great that the people cried out with one voice: "Excelsior." They were rich enough.

Professor Ise printed a large number of copies of this pamphlet and sent them around to members of Chambers of Commerce, Rotary Clubs, business leaders. Then the letters began to come back to him from these great gentlemen saying very seriously: "You have an excellent idea," "this is a fine proposition," "splendid," etc. Need we wonder then that this great public of ours will buy the securities of Mr. Insull and the ideas of Dr. Townsend?

The newest contender in the field to remake the country in the image of its desires is the National Small Business Men's Association. Heaven knows the small business man has his troubles. For years he has been pushed slowly out of the picture. His numbers dwindle. His influence at the bank and in the halls of Congress dwindles. The depression flattened him out badly. Now the second depression flattens him out some more. He thinks he should do something about himself. And so under the leadership of a gentleman from Michigan, Dr. DeWitt M. Emery, he is formed into a new association. The interesting thing about this poor fellow—the small business man—is that as he prepares for battle and looks around to see who it is he should fight, he finds that his special devil is the government. He has prepared a ten-point program for his regeneration. It sounds like planks for a Vermont Republican convention platform. There is no hint that his chief enemy has been big business.

The thing that has crowded him out is that all the mechanisms of the capitalist system—the banks, the security laws, the corporation laws, the old Coolidge government, the whole course and trend of industry—has been against him. He has been exploited by the larger groups with which he must deal, as in the case of the small grocers and the wholesale grocers' association. There is something pathetic in the pitiful inadequacy, even utter irrelevancy, of the measures he proposes to save him. He asks that Congress cut loose from the President's apron-strings, a balanced budget, freedom of speech, unhampered courts, sound money, expansion of the civil service. JOHN T. FLYNN.

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Heartbreak Houses

I REMEMBER how Mr. Edmund Wilson and I, some years ago in a convivial literary moment, agreed that "Heartbreak House" was probably the best of the Shaw plays. We wondered if in twenty years it might not be the shining light among them. Through the removal of limitations in probability, and through the opening thereby for extravagance, "Heartbreak House" is farce, rather than comedy. Nor is that anything against it, unless you object to the possibility that farce allows for the poetic or fantastic. The question was whether or not we had begun to be impatient with this larding of social theory and significance on to what remained talented farce. Mr. Wilson and I must have been thinking that "Heartbreak House" offered a more complete unity of tone than most of Mr. Shaw's plays, and that perhaps the constant effect of assertiveness, which could get very tiresome elsewhere in Shaw, was suited to the tone of this particular play. Perhaps this general tone itself effectively expressed the theme, which is the state of things that was "the cultured, leisured Europe before the War."

It must have been an impression of a different sort that had done the work, for all these reflections went flat on me when I saw "Heartbreak House" produced again these many years after. I had looked forward not only from curiosity about a work of art but also, in a way, autobiographically, to seeing the play again. For a moment I took it to be the production at the Mercury Theatre that was at fault. Presently I saw that the production was fair enough, with some good performances, especially Miss Phyllis Joyce as Lady Utterwood; and that the play itself was garrulous, unfelt and tiresome.

The impression, evidently, from the Theatre Guild production that had remained to do the work for "Heartbreak House" was that scene of the terrace and the company talking there in the moonless blue night. It was a long time ago, and I had forgotten nearly all that was said, but not that haunting tone composed of the scene, the voices, the vibration of characters, the impending blind ruin. And presently I saw that I had lost even that response. I was sufficiently concerned to take the book down afterward and read the whole play again, the long preface included. Very likely Mr. Welles' production lacked emphasis to some extent, parts of the play needing to be speeded up, parts slowed down, the pressure lightened here, increased there, for the sake of a more distinct pattern. But at that, the design of the play proved on this rereading to be no more marked than it is in the production, if as much. Gradually I concluded that there was something very amiable about the willingness of a theatre company to memorize so many lines, and to heed, or seem to heed, so much rather wilted opinion—half patter. An astonishing sort of inner monotony, as it were, was apparent, which they must cope with. Except for the different voices, you could have shut your eyes and believed not that several people were there, created and expressing themselves, but that one person was describing several people.

Since Mr. Shaw himself goes to some length in the preface to invite more or less comparison of "Heartbreak House" with Chekhov's plays, we may sketch at least the beginning of such a comparison. Chekhov, he says, had produced four dramatic studies of "Heartbreak House," of which three, "The Cherry Orchard," "Uncle Vanya" and "The Sea Gull," so far as England went, had got as far as a couple of performances by the Stage Society. The audiences stared and said, "How Russian!" To Mr. Shaw on the contrary it seemed that these intensely Russian plays fitted all the country houses in Europe in which . . . et cetera. Where Tolstoy, he says, was no pessimist and believed in the efficacy of violent measures, Chekhov, "more of a fatalist, had no faith in these charming people extricating themselves. They would, he thought, be sold up and set adrift by the bailiff; and he therefore had no scruple in exploiting and even flattering their charm."

The more you know of Chekhov's writing and of him and his life and friends, the more absurd Mr. Shaw becomes on the subject. It is all very well to use a man or a work of art to hit something or somebody over the head with; and certainly the sport is an old one. But nobody could be more astonished than Chekhov would have been to hear of his having no scruples about exploiting the people whose words and little ironic, tender or mad acts, and droll or dark life-patterns, he put into plays and stories or left jotted down in his notebook. To "flatter" anything about them would not fit anything in him. What he did with his people was to turn them into theatre, just as Mr. Shaw turns him into a sort of literary Hyde Park soapbox, something to whack the air with until we listen.

That such a man as Mr. Shaw could use the life that is presented in Chekhov's plays in Chekhov's way, and even some of Chekhov's ideas and attitudes, is obvious. In spite of the unsuccessful translations of the Chekhov plays into English, a great deal of him comes through; and I should think it possible enough that Mr. Shaw regards his own "Heartbreak House" as being technically related to the three Chekhov plays that he mentions, "The Cherry Orchard" especially. Whether he does so or not, the comparison is inevitable and the relationship plain. On that subject we should have to say that either he boldly exercised his usual independence in the way of doing things, or he was blind as a bat to Chekhov's technique, stage effects and spirit. There is scarcely a hint or tiny reflection of Chekhov's true method, none of that pure, painstaking economy and drawing, none of the variety in beat, in tone, or in profound self-revelation among the characters.

Chekhov sees his people as rooted in something, which means that he begins with what they are, their quality. This is exactly what they themselves do with regard to other people, judging a man by what he is, and anxious only about those opinions they would die for. Mr. Shaw, for all his prattle about their class, clichés, bogies, culture and complacent, urgent or ironic circumstance, sees his people in the light of their opinions. Such a course makes for certain effective dramatic patterns, for distinct *dramatis personae*, real or not real, and for straw men, to be set up or knocked over at will. But it is, I think, his greatest and his final weakness as a creative artist. And it provides the reason why no intelligent member of the traditional British ruling class has ever needed to fear Mr. Shaw very greatly.

Taking a work of art as a kind of biological whole, which is the only way it makes any sense, I should say that nothing Mr. Shaw presents in "Heartbreak House" to

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prove his case could be a better evidence of the decay, if you like, of the English scene than this play itself is, with its lack of any organic unity or exciting technique, its exhibitionistic self-assertion, its futile chatter in coquettish monotone about what the first bomb obliterates, or the first ism makes stale. STARK YOUNG

Jack and a Giant-Killer

THE PICTURE "YELLOW JACK" is not the play "Yellow Jack," but it's the first really good film we've had in some while. I always thought that the play, by virtue of its allegiance to history, got rather shreddy in outline and dispersed its dramatic energy. There was also an element of confusion in the way it hopped around between scenes. Trust the movies not to get caught with that sort of trouble, whatever else. Here they have set the fragment of medical history in a straightforward story of some half-dozen characters, some of them funny, one serving the purpose of mild romance (Virginia Bruce as the nurse). What has been lost in severity of purpose is gained back, and I think more, in the warmth of life.

The main fellow turns out to be Bob Montgomery as the Irish sergeant with the good Irish speech on him, a bold bucko with guile in his heart. A fine part for him; I like Montgomery on this semi-serious side. He has a chance to swagger and get a bit tough and there are fine scenes horsing around with the men—I knew a sergeant of Marines like that once, damn him. And when he gives over baiting the medical service and volunteers with his squad to take the bug, and it gets him, it is as odd, true and likely as it might have been in those hot, weary days at the end of the campaign.

As for the others there is Andy Devine—out of step in the rear rank like how many thousand dumpy privates—and though the start of Sam Levene's lines marks him Bolshevik Agitator, type B (no beard), he is a handy enough chap with lines to pull out of it before long. Buddy Ebsen too, and (among the officers) such trusty stand-bys as Lewis Stone, Henry O'Neill and Stanley Ridges.

With each going through his own homely fun and troubles in the pattern before your eyes, the main points work in naturally—*i.e.*, with that necessary difference between being told and being there. The army cannot clear for home until men have stopped dropping off like flies, yet nothing can be done because the plague is all around and invisible. They've tried this, that; the men are grousing, headquarters is putting on the heat. Then they hear of the crusty Scotch doctor who has been laughed out of a hearing for his mosquito-carrier theory for seventeen years, and learn that the only way of testing it is getting human volunteers. Doubts, confusion, no one stepping forward and the little band getting smaller in that thick hostile air.

This is a fair enough rough sketch of the fumbling, hampered process by which some gallant man or group has managed to pull back the curtain another inch on the medical unknown. It should have been underlined more somberly—it has nothing like the intercut scenes of rats swarming the mooring lines that were intercut with the dark chord of the plague motif in "Arrowsmith"; but then, John Ford's "Arrowsmith" is *the* picture on the fight for life, and not to be outdone in a hurry. And how painlessly the clutter of facts about scientific experiment, recheck, control are worked into motion. Three of the men are locked in a plague house; of the two who get the sanitary house, one is given a mosquito, and lest the other be naturally immune, he has to go through it all over again—but the point is that we know them all, and it's as though what they are doing is of some concern, their instructions overheard and noted with care, and so remembered.

So—a little truth, a little beauty, a fragment of American history dragged out to light for the people who ought to see it but otherwise won't. I know you can get more fact and less fancy out of the same two hours in a library, if you know where to look. And now all of those who have spent two hours in a library digging up the record of Dr. Reed will please lift up the right hand. You see. Libraries are the playground of a curious minority, and even among them there are too few who know what they read. Give me a strip of celluloid good enough and wind it on a reel for shipping, and I'll move the world. These reels are pretty good celluloid, and that's what I'm talking about.

The picture "Robin Hood" is history of a different nature—the history of legend, frankly made for children. The care of the costuming and research departments is infinite, the production is done expensively and in all the colors the rainbow forgot. It has the bustling motion and strangeness we require of adventure pictures, and its supporting cast has everybody from Una O'Connor to Bathil Rasbone. Sherwood Forest is brought to life; through its ample boughs all good men and true come by neat scheming to the aid of their etcetera; and there is no doubt that children of various ages are going to see and like it.

As for me, after getting used to the spectacle of Eugene Pallette and Herbert Mundin running loose through a candy-box forest with bits of kitchenware pulled down over their ears, I began to notice that the star of "Robin Hood" was Robin Hood, as interpreted by Errol Flynn, which started me thinking along several useless lines.

Of all the stories people have handed down in the simple exaggerations and colors of word-of-mouth, the legend of Robin Hood is one of the most beautiful. It has a more robust homeliness than you will find in the semi-mystic fancy of the Arthur cycle. And in addition to the sure-fire appeal of bandits—a rakehelly community living by its wits against the world—it has that soundest of human justifications: stealing to give, food for the starving and help for the oppressed, and if my lady's glove falls to the ground to hell with it, she can send it to the cleaners.

The Robin Hood legend has an aspiration for nobility and dash and friendly living that we like to smile over fondly, as over some bright thing tucked away under the open wrong and meanness of the race. But a legend is good only so long as its simple facts and deeds remain hazy in outline and are accepted without guile, and every man can make his own picture of Lochinvar and Little John in his head. And so what I would like to question is not whether this is a good picture, of which there is no doubt it isn't, but whether those who get their first idea of Robin Hood from its pitilessly graphic statement can ever dissociate the

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ideal from the sad mechanics of its film production, because in direction and purpose this "Robin Hood" is focused in the character of Errol Flynn, a hard and agile worker. I wonder who would ever be truly inspired by a People's Defender as smooth of contour, endless of resilience and full of human feeling as an inner tube.

OTIS FERGUSON

The Bandwagon

Czechoslovakia—Isle of Peace and Order in Central Europe. – *From a travel circular currently on display in New York City.*

Hitler has no designs upon the independence of Rumania or the Ukraine (now held by Soviet Russia) but he will not rest until he has unimpeded access to the oil of the one and the granaries of the other. – *George Sylvester Viereck, writing in Liberty Magazine.*

Visitors to the World's Fair will find art all around them—to the right, to the left and even under foot. – *Grover Whalen, president, New York World's Fair, quoted in The New York Times.*

One Increasing Purpose

Ten millions of babies, born to American mothers, would sate and satisfy the maternal instincts of ten million mothers—would be a remedy to overproduction—would give purpose to husbands laboring in the factory and to mothers busy in the home. – *From (the Catholic) Our Sunday Visitor, published in Huntington, Indiana.*

Darned White of Them

According to the [German] decree, foreign Jews are not treated worse than domestic Jews. – *United Press dispatch from Berlin, published in The New York Post.*

See You in the Funny Papers

Starting Today:

GENERAL HUGH JOHNSON

A FULL PAGE OF COMICS

– *Banner headline in The St. Paul, Minn., Pioneer Press.*

"Oh, Sweet Mystery of Life"

"The trouble with non-Catholic education," he said, "is that it attempts to make everything clear. I think that the first thing that Manhattan should be congratulated on is its contribution to the deepening of the mysteries of life." – *Mgr. Fulton J. Sheen of the faculty of Catholic University, quoted in The New York Times.*

Brotherhood-of-Man Department

It is dangerous to interfere with the balance of nature. We cannot let people starve; but we can put a social and family blot upon the acceptance of relief. Civilization has depended upon such a stigma for centuries. Its sudden removal has been a primary cause of unemployment. – *Roger Babson, in his syndicated column.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. – THE EDITORS.

Correspondence

Call to Correspondents

SIR: I commend you for the publication of Mumford's article "Call to Arms" [The New Republic, May 18] together with the reply by the editors. Such articles are worthy of thought. Only through sane debate will liberals finally be united in their program of peace. . . .

Milwaukee, Wis. JAMES M. PASCH

SIR: Lewis Mumford's call to arms is a tragic document. Its tragedy lies in the possible implications. If a keen thinker and student like Mr. Mumford can work himself up to such an irrational passion, what may we expect from the millions of people who have just as good and honest reasons for detesting fascism, but who have neither his capacity nor opportunity for thinking through vital problems of this character?

No one can quarrel with his analysis of fascism, his verdict on isolationism and collective security, as well as his plea to save American democracy. His means, however, are pretty cockeyed, and they are so for the simple reason that he is frightened by the wrong symptoms. The real threat to American democracy comes not from the fascist states 3,000 and 6,000 miles away, nor from the few Nazi nitwits who strut around in uniforms within our shores. It comes from our own powerful interests who are fighting relief appropriations, who are fighting labor unions, who are fighting the National Labor Relations Board, who are fighting every progressive plan and idea. The Weirs, Fords, Rands and Girdlers are a far greater menace to our democracy than is Hitler or Mussolini. Fascist doctrines will have little effect upon our people unless they are hungry, destitute and weary of the futile hunt for jobs. And it is our own industrial autocracy that is seeking to perpetuate conditions which make inevitable a constant army of unemployed. . . .

Pittsburgh, Pa. ROSE M. STEIN

SIR: The answer of the editors of The New Republic to Lewis Mumford's "Call to Arms" is commendable in its honest hatred for war. But there its virtue ends. In its attempt to uphold complete and virgin peace for the United States, it is short-sighted and descends into quibbles. It calls a complete American embargo of Fascist nations absurd. That is true. But did Mr. Mumford, in asking for a withdrawal of all economic and political intercourse, imply that the embargo would be complete? Surely not. And to say that an attempt at such an embargo would not be highly effective *is* absurd. Transshipments through neutrals would be complicated and obstructed if made at all. Our prestige and power are great. A strong stand against fascism by America might well break the Chamberlain government,

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frighten Italy into any position we desire. It would surely give boundless encouragement to France, Russia and Loyalist Spain.

The editors state that we are in no danger of military conquest. But when we consider the growth of fascism in Canada, in South and Central America, pro-fascism in the English government and in our own State Department, our danger seems more immediate. When the editors attempt to localize the fight against fascism in the internal problems of the United States and Austria, they are thinking about no real world. Although causes of fascism may be restricted to same extent to the conditions of one country, we are faced with the fact that Italy, Germany and Japan are at work in the whole world as positive destructive units. Surely we must work against fascism at home, but its international prestige must also be broken. Why, in God's name, do you support the Spanish Loyalists? Because of general goodheartedness? . . .

Easton, Pa. RUSSELL AMES

SIR: Mr. Mumford has made a strong case for punitive action against fascism; but until such burning idealism is coupled with the practicability of collective security, democracy must by necessity be on the defensive and fascism by its practice of collective thuggery be on the offensive. . . .

Brooklyn, N. Y. HARRY STONE

SIR: . . . I accuse Mr. Mumford of incompetence. As a self-appointed leader of liberals he betrays either ignorance of, or a remarkable indifference to, the theory and the spirit of liberal government. This is inexcusable in a writer with a plan and Mr. Mumford not only has a plan but shows a ready disposition to put it into action. "To Arms" is the *leitmotif* of Mr. Mumford's appeal and recourse to what he calls "the temporary barbarism of war," the first and last word in his proposal. To put it starkly, this "tactical" approach gives us as good an example as printer's ink could furnish of "the all-devouring barbarism" which Mr. Mumford himself condemns. Its chief characteristic is superficiality, its tone authoritative and its course "direct action." . . .

Boston, Mass. FRANK E. IRWIN

SIR: . . . I recommend a second and more careful reading. All the omissions regarding the complexities of the fascist problem which your editorial attempts to supplant are to be found clearly stated by Mr. Mumford. There is, however, a difference in the presentation and emphasis. Your editorial glibly and apathetically speaks of upholding our democracy and maintaining peace. Mr. Mumford presents a definite program of action to secure our democracy. The essential tactical procedures should be fairly obvious. First, to destroy the seeds in our own midst which tend to undermine our democracy and, second, to shut off the source. No one is foolhardy enough to believe this to be a simple process. If Mr. Mumford's program smacks a little of fascist tactics, it is about time some of their own weapons were employed for the preservation of democracy without the necessity of their poisoned darts. Rats cannot be eliminated by merely nailing a board over the rat holes. . . .

New York City MOSES DIAMOND, M.D.

SIR: . . . Because this country need not now fear armed invasion by the fascist bloc by no means ensures its safety. As Mr. Mumford pointed out, fascism conquers only the weak, and the United States, weakened internally by fascist propaganda, will be an easy fascist conquest. "Fascism has already declared war." And the groups or individuals in the hundreds of United States communities receiving or disseminating fascist doctrines are fascism's warriors. They cannot be successfully fought by merely exposing their methods or understanding their significance.

A large-scale, efficient counter-attack (the backfire for which Mr. Mumford asks) must be started. Organized propaganda must fight organized propaganda. (Our government, in its plans to build anti-fascist-propaganda broadcasting stations, seems to realize this.) I am aware that such a method is wholly repugnant to your intellectual conception of the spirit of freedom, but I submit for your sincere consideration that however repugnant it may be, it will not be half so distasteful as the situation you will be forced to face if the present trend is allowed to proceed to its logical conclusion.

Atlantic City, N. J. M. L. KEEN

SIR: When a man goes to war for a cause, that cause ceases to exist for the man the moment he's dead. And assuming he gives up his life for those who will live on after him, he still dies in vain, as even a superficial knowledge of history would prove to him. When Mr. Mumford speaks of "worse ignominies to the spirit and worse cruelties to the flesh than killing or being killed," nothing worse comes to my mind than that Mr. Mumford should make such a statement. . . .

New York City WILLIAM EDEN

SIR: I wish to congratulate most heartily Mr. Lewis Mumford for his brilliant article, "Call to Arms." I fully share with him his condemnation of the hair-splitting policy of The New Republic which seems to be befuddled by the present world situation. Your lack of a definite policy . . . is a betrayal of democracy and a duty at a most critical period. . . .

New York City J. ANTHONY MARCUS

SIR: The critics of my "Call to Arms" all make the mistake of believing that an active policy against fascism inevitably means war. Their fears cause them to misread my plain argument. My point is that an effective program against fascism necessarily involves a willingness to *face danger*. But the danger is there anyway, whether we face it or not; mere wishing and hoping and praying will not get rid of it, and only a spineless surrender to fascism will wipe out the ultimate possibility of war. So far from bringing on a war, however, a militant policy is the surest way of putting the fascists, both external and internal, into a position from which they can no longer successfully bulldoze and blackmail the peaceful, coöperative groups. This applies to the Girdlers and Hagues and Fords quite as much as to Hitler and Mussolini. Since I have not suddenly gone mad, let me assure my critics that it is not war that I urge but action: immediate action against *those who are already waging war against democracy*. The risks are serious: I have weighed them. But the dangers of failing to take action promptly against fascism are far more sinister in their possibilities.

Amenia, N. Y. LEWIS MUMFORD

No California Property Tax

SIR: Thank you for the excellent short review of my recent book, "Our California State Taxes—Facts and Problems," reviewed by H. M. G. [The New Republic, April 20]. I presume that the initials stand for that very good man, Harold M. Groves. This makes the review doubly pleasing to me.

One of the reviewer's comments, "The book gives no adequate treatment of the property tax, thereby limiting the scope of treatment," needs an answer. In California, contrary to most other states, there is no state property tax, hence in my treatment of state taxation it was natural that a discussion of property taxation be left out. General property taxes are used here only in support of political subdivisions of the state, and their tax structure was not analyzed.

Stanford University, Calif. DEWEY ANDERSON

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Echoes from the Recent Past

SIR: Recent events give special significance to a poem by Sarah Cleghorn that I published twenty-three years ago in The New York Tribune. It reads:

The Poltroon

His country cowered under the mailed fist
Of the great soldier nation of his day;
But did he volunteer? Not he; instead
He talked in ill timed, ill judged platitudes,
Urging a most unpatriotic peace.
People that had been once slapped in the face
Ought to stand still, he thought, till slapped again.
And when they were insulted they should watch
For chances to return it with a favor!
I will say for him, milksop as he was,
He proved consistent, for he let himself
Be knocked about the streets and spit upon,
And never had the manhood to hit back.
Of course he had no sense at all of honor,
Either his country's honor or his own;
Contemptible poltroon! His name was Jesus.

I printed this poem at the top of The Conning Tower of September 25, 1915. Many Tribune readers wrote to The Tribune, objecting to the "pacifism," or the "sacrilege," or both. The Tribune was militaristic and reverential; and this gives me another chance to say that at no time did anybody on The Tribune suggest that I should or should not print anything.

New York City FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

For a Militant Liberal Strategy

SIR: Democracy is neither an institution for political suicide nor a debating club for anemic theoreticians. Democracy is a framework within which everybody should feel at home. He who tries to destroy the framework by favoring a one-party or Führer system must be relentlessly fought. I shall attempt to outline a few concrete steps for a militant liberal strategy.

I. Education. Democratization of universities. Equal opportunity based on ability. Education for democracy. Opponents of democracy in the teaching body are dangerous and must be eliminated.

II. Social Security and Recognition. As long as the CCC and WPA are necessitated by economic conditions, members of them should receive same social recognition as other workers. Inferiority complexes breed fascist tendencies. Social approval for work should replace social approval for money.

III. Propaganda. a. The masses need symbols. Constitution, army, navy, CCC, Boy Scout, American flag are symbols. Woe to the liberal who allows reactionaries to drive him into an anti-constitution or anti-army position. Liberal criticism of these institutions must always be constructive.

b. Masses need slogans. "Freedom," "Constitution," "Ends do not justify the means."

c. Masses need ethical standard-bearers who should be respected.

d. Counter-propaganda. Radio propaganda on short-wave into Germany, Italy and Russia. Support of democratic underground movements in dictatorship countries. Free speech for foreigners in exact proportion to freedom of speech in their Fatherlands. Prohibition of the wearing of uniforms, except army, navy, American Legion and Boy Scout. Police registration of participants in meetings like American-German Bund, for these purposes: To educate the misinformed. To send aliens who abuse the free institutions of America to the dictatorship countries which they glorify. To enforce on naturalized citizens respect for the oath of loyalty to the United States.

New York City JOSEF DUNNER

From The New Republic Mail Bag

John Joseph Bahre of New York City attacks the muddy concepts that surround the word "democracy." Every real citizen is "for" democracy as a matter of course, he writes, but if it is to defeat the appeal of totalitarianism democracy must mean much more than the ideal of personal liberty. It must ensure confidence in the future well-being and prosperity of every one of its citizens. . . . M. Hart Walker of East Orange, New Jersey, says he likes neither our poetry nor Heywood Broun's column. . . . Herbert Harvey of Maywood, New Jersey, disagrees strenuously with the speech in which Sumner Welles, Under-secretary of State, advised Americans against criticizing the internal affairs of foreign nations. The internal affairs of Germany and Spain, as just two examples, are of vital importance to Americans and, in Mr. Harvey's opinion, we have every right to express our feelings about them.

Bernard Grebanier, secretary of the New York Chapter of the League of American Writers, sends us a copy of a letter he has written to the editors of all the morning and evening newspapers in New York City. It describes the evidences of brutality the League's representatives witnessed in Journal Square, Jersey City, on May 7, many of which escaped mention in the published news accounts. Not one of the newspapers has printed Mr. Grebanier's letter. . . . John R. Longo of Jersey City, who faces a possible prison sentence of fifteen years because of his opposition to the Hague rule, appeals for help to meet the cost of printing briefs and records of his case. Contributions should be made out to the Longo Defense Fund and mailed to Mrs. Ida E. Guggenheimer, 205 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York City.

We salute a new magazine, Bad Humor, a monthly, left-wing, anti-war publication which uses satire as its chief weapon to combat the forces that are heading the United States toward war. The offices of Bad Humor are at 61 Washington Square South, New York City.

What's on the Air?

Francis B. Sayre, Assistant Secretary of State, speaks on "Reciprocal Trade Agreements," Monday, June 6, 9:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Professor Harry James Carman of Columbia University talks on the "Living History" program, Wednesday, June 8, 7:30 P.M., CBS.

Frank Bane, executive director of the Social Security Board, discusses "Social Security—Everybody's Business," Thursday, June 9, 7:45 P.M., CBS.

Sir Josiah Stamp speaks at a meeting of the Association of British and Irish Railways, Friday, June 10, 1:15 P.M., NBC-Red Network.

Musical and dramatic programs of the week include a Columbia Workshop drama of Africa, "Tranga Man, Fine Gah," written and produced by John Carlile, Saturday, June 4, 7:30 P.M., CBS; "The Story of Auguste Rodin," a radio play by Sam Baker, Saturday, June 4, 8:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; the NBC Symphony Orchestra, Saturday, June 4, 9 P.M., NBC-Red Network; Alfred Wallenstein's "Symphonic Strings," Wednesday, June 8, 10 P.M., Mutual; "Anna Christie" by Eugene O'Neill, Thursday, June 9, 10 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; Euripides' "Alcestis," Friday, June 10, 3 P.M., NBC-Blue Network and the Eastman School Symphony Orchestra, Friday, June 10, 8:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

All times given are Eastern Daylight-Saving Time.

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Books in Review

Adamic Omnibus

IT'S ABOUT TIME for the book reviewers to demand a forty-hour week. Ever since "Anthony Adverse," in 1933, their job has been getting harder as books get longer and longer, and then still longer. Back in the dear dead 1920's, a novel of 300 pages would be reviewed as an ambitious work, almost a saga. In 1938 it is regarded as a short-short. Novels of a thousand pages are not unusual, and sometimes they are merely the first volume of a trilogy. Every little essay wants to sprout footnotes and grow into an encyclopedia. Autobiographies are breaking the non-stop boasting record that used to be held by Grandpa when he told us how he captured Vicksburg single-handed.

It isn't so bad when the author really works at a book, making it long because he has a superabundance of ideas. Nobody would have objected if "Joseph in Egypt" had been written in four volumes instead of two. But there are altogether too many books that are long simply because the author is too lazy or hasn't the time to condense them. He wants the readers to do part of his work, organizing the material in their minds and making the necessary omissions. And I shouldn't be surprised if readers and reviewers went on strike.

This new book by Louis Adamic might be a good occasion. "My America"[1] runs to 662 pages, not counting the introduction or the index, and it contains 366,000 words, being the length of five average pre-depression novels. It is as loose and patched and formless as a tenant farmer's overalls. The general subject is America during the last ten years—but since Mr. Adamic sleeps in America, talks in America and brushes his teeth in America, everything that happens to him is strictly American and therefore appears in his book. He spent a year in Jugoslavia and a winter in Guatemala, but he carried America with him in his intellectual baggage—and therefore he finds a place for his travels, too. If all this material refuses to be arranged in any intelligible pattern, well, so much the better. It will serve as one more instance of the "basic incongruity" that he regards as a fundamental American quality. Somebody ought to tell him that the artist's task—in America, Europe and wherever—is to reveal the laws of order that underlie an appearance of chaos.

There is more real order in American society than there is in Adamic's book about it. "My America" is a hodge-podge, a chowchow, a mishmash. More than anything else, it reminds me of the big kettle of mulligan that the hoboes used to cook in their jungle down by the tracks. Everything they could beg or steal went into it—dog bones, celery tops, turnip greens, a hatful of tomatoes picked when the farmer was looking the other way. In the same fashion Adamic has stewed together all his casual writings for the last ten years—narrative and exposition, extracts from his diary, interviews with big shots and little shots, articles he wrote for Harper's or The Nation, letters to and from a friend in Hollywood, other people's book reviews and even a privately printed pamphlet on Robinson Jeffers, "which I want to reprint here with a few slight changes because Jeffers is definitely part of my America and generally noteworthy." With the addition of the Gettysburg address and a few line drawings, his book would resemble McGuffey's Fifth Reader.

I certainly don't mean to imply that it is lacking in substance. On the contrary, it contains material for at least five books that ought to be replanned, rewritten and published separately (in addition to random chapters that ought to be incorporated in new editions of "Dynamite" and "The Native's Return"). Let us list the five books one after the other:

First, an autobiography, the "Up from Slavery" of a Slovenian immigrant and casual laborer who became a famous American author. In New York, in the depression years, he had some terribly funny adventures with the super-revolutionary intellectuals.

Second, a sober but deeply felt and moving treatise on the problems of immigrants and their children (and the problems that Americans face in dealing with them).

Third, an account of America in the trough of the depression, of the same order as Edmund Wilson's "American Jitters," but not so imaginative or well composed.

Fourth, a section on the rise of the CIO, lively and admirable so long as it consists of first-hand observations, but weak as soon as it deviates into theory, and in general smelling of Stolberg and red herring.

Fifth and last, a portfolio of portrait sketches and interviews. These are very good when he is dealing with intimate friends like Ben Stolberg, or with humble acquaintances like the lady tramp he met on the road outside of Cleveland; he gives you the color of their thinking, the rhythm of their speech. But when he interviews the great or the almost great—like Jeffers and Mary Austin—he becomes so self-conscious that he talks and talks and doesn't listen at all.

Adamic has the natural gift for story telling that seems to survive in the Balkans. In some ways he reminds me of Panait Istrati; he brings the same freshness and directness to American life that Istrati did to Rumania. He understands the psychology of American laborers—having been one of them—and writes about their struggles with warmth and sympathy. But as soon as he rises from particulars to generalities and from individuals to institutions, he gets windy and confused. Instead of thinking for himself, he borrows his ideas from Ben Stolberg or Dr. Arthur Morgan, who disagree on everything except their hatred for the Reds. He shakes his fist at the Kremlin and waves the American flag. His book closes with a plea for isolation so extreme that it is going to embarrass the isolationists, and with an eloquent program for the future. "I want America to remain America. I want America eventually to become a work of art." He could have helped in the process by making his own book a work of art. MALCOLM COWLEY

[1] My America, by Louis Adamic. New York: Harper and Brothers. 682 pages. $3.75.

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Have You Heard the Music?

Young Man with a Horn, by Dorothy Baker. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

WHAT MAKES THIS NOVEL difficult to place is the fact that it is the first book by any writer of distinction on a new and full-grown art form—the highest development of genuine American music to date, call it swing or jazz or (as the French like to say) the hot, whatever suits your fancy. As a piece of writing it is good sound stuff: balanced, honest, delicate of perception and running straight out, yet somehow rounded and open (it always sounds condescending to say it, but the truth is that Dorothy Baker writes like a man, with the easy habits of men among their kind). But the book is about something that it digs its way clear into, about a young man who played a horn with music like the cornet of Bix Beiderbecke. And Beiderbecke, in case anyone is waiting for the textbooks to tell him about it, is the man above all men who have made music in this country, already a legend in the seven years since his death.

Rick Martin in the book is not supposed to be a biographical duplicate—geography, influences and history have been shifted to fit the purpose—but the base in the composite history of music is full and square. Bit by bit, and the hard way, Martin develops from an orphan, an aimless failure in high school, into the young man who has learned to hear music with a passion that will never leave him time for anything else in the world. He finds a mission house where the piano is deserted by day and learns to pick out the hymn chords, steady hours on one hymn after another every day (the only thing he had got out of school was how to read a score). He saw instruments in windows and admired their brave line and polished intricacy, and he got a job setting pins in order to buy one. At the bowling alley he met an older boy from another world, Smoke from niggertown, who knew the musicians of the great band of that region and would some day come to play drums with them. When Smoke would sweep around the alleys with the pushbroom, he would waste valuable time putting a swing into it—and Rick got the idea of those urgent rhythms and hung around with the other chap, shyly admiring him and the things he knew.

The friendship between these two, diffident and in the face of barriers, is handled beautifully, not only for feeling but for the significance behind it: this is the threshold to experience and understanding and a trip to the stars. Rick used to go with Smoke to sit outside the dance hall and listen to the big band play until he knew all the arrangements, and knew the value of rhythm and chords and the phrasing of improvisations around them, from one instrument to the section, from the section to the full band, by *feeling* the thing so hard—for there is indeed no book where such things are written. (In true rhythm just as in perfect pitch you must know that a note or beat is not a dead point but a sort of vibrant circle, and it is into the heart of this circle that a good musician must strike every time if his music is to have life in it.) Rick got introduced to the band and to his first ball of gin, and these things were the real beginning of the end.

He had more piano practice (there weren't enough hours in the day by then) but as soon as he got the money to buy one, he changed to trumpet just as Bix did, because the horn gave him resistance to conquer, and in the hard conquest a fuller reward in tone, the round perfect notes that had his own personality in the flare of color around them, the soft coaxing phrases banked at will against the sudden blast, the terrific attack possible only to instruments in brass. The colored band had seen the mark on him and taken him under their wing, and the great Art Hazard was teaching him. Then he got his first job, and his second and third, where he learned the iron rule of please the leader and the customers or else.

It was here that he took the chance one night and played off the arrangement; he got a couple of rhythm men and played "Japanese Sandman" with a musical tenderness and a drive of feeling that have never been described before. When he got to New York he met Smoke again and they had themselves a ball playing around after the job at the musical spots. He met a girl and went with, say, Whiteman, and became the name of the day, and it's doubtful he ever got sober again. He didn't drink to be a rum-pot, he drank because music, day and night, was his true intoxication, and liquor was the easiest way of forgetting the penalties of life and losing himself in that complete feeling. He left the big band finally, which gave him all the more time for playing and no further reason not to fill his skin and keep it full, and when Smoke took him to the cure he got pneumonia: when they brought him out he died in the ambulance.

Bix's story was more complex: there was more drinking for the hell of it and getting high on his own ability and fame. There was a lot more backstabbing and envious plotting on the part of fourth-rate musicians, getting him drunk just so he couldn't stand and outplay them. There was the deadening wheel of life on the road (which is skipped here), there was the obscene tragedy of the time Bix unwittingly crossed some big-city gorilla, when he got taken for a ride and a beer bottle shoved up into him so he was never the same after. There were the blue post-Whiteman years. . . . In a word, there is more to the downfall of a man, there is a more subtle torture in all the crazy stepping up and backbite of the business, than is ever realized here. And I wouldn't be bringing up Bix for comparison if he weren't there already, for you must know there was no one else it could have been about: the music described here is the music of Bix, playing like an angel in his ill hung tuxedo and unwashed socks, turning from the befuddling water-glass of straight gin (usually he had to smuggle it onto the stand) to blow out the notes of his chorus as fresh and pure as air itself.

Just behind the pages of this book there is the picture of that odd and endearing and forever cocky little figure, who followed the copy of all great artists working from the heart of their environment, in being as tall as heaven and as simple and good as pie. He is there for me, that is, and the music he represents behind him. So while I know this to be a good book for any man's money, I cannot report on just *how* good it will be to those who, not having seen the beauty it talks of as it was passing, will merely read, digest and file away some bit of its wide range of knowledge. I would sincerely like to have written such a book, if that's anything.

OTIS FERGUSON

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Inside Japan

Japan in Transition, by Emil Lederer and Emy Lederer-Seidler. New Haven: Yale University Press. 271 pages. $3.

ONE MAY PERHAPS QUESTION single interpretations and dispute certain arguments, but no one who knows the Far East will deny that this book on Japan has to be taken seriously. It is in fact one of the few fully mature books on the subject in recent years. Cutting under the minutiae of the events and controversies that have led to one of the decisive wars in modern history, it goes straight to the source from which the factors behind this collision derive their strength. This is historical treatment in the sense of social analysis.

Many people know Japan. But the Lederers have the advantage of knowing also history and the components of the social and political systems of the Western world. And without that advantage nobody can write intelligently or understandingly of the Far East. For then there is no setting, no idea against which to place anything that is reported out of events, or cited out of facts and figures, or seen with the eye.

The geographical and cultural background is quickly sketched in. There is a concise statement of the immediate historical background of the present era—the Tokugawa period. The idea of the state is analyzed and contrasted for both Japan and China, and then the authors come to the period of contact with the West—not political and military contact so much as social and cultural. They attack the problem of Japan in the modern world, and in sixty pages they assemble an extraordinary amount of material, the essence of Japan's internal political and social problems and its foreign relations. The interrelation of military expansion with industrialization and a still partly feudal agrarian system is brought out with clarity. So also is the attempt to ride two cultural horses moving at a different pace, if not actually in different directions—which is how the Lederers conceive the predicament of modern Japan.

As the Lederers see it, Japan "appears to be struggling through a period that shatters the foundations of the Japanese spirit without giving in exchange anything more than technological guidance." Concretely, there is a population too large to be fed without industrialization. Industrialization under more advanced forms of organization cannot absorb the excess without unceasing economic aggression, which does, even if it need not, take military aggression for its ally. Military aggression absorbs an excessive share of the national product by way of armament costs, necessitating further aggression and again more armament.

Successful competition for foreign markets on the scale required to assure a sufficient inflow of foreign raw materials demands that workers' income must be depressed, which has economic consequences in that a disproportionate share of industrial production must be exported and social consequences in that sooner or later there will be social eruptions. A social system with a population predominantly of sharecroppers on the land and a growing proletariat in the cities cannot long keep its poise, even on as solid a base as that of a theocratic monarchy, with surviving feudal allegiances.

In short, Japan must at the least dominate the entire East in order to solve her internal problems, and this the Lederers do not believe Japan can do. As they marshal their arguments, supported by relevant data—just enough to make their points and chosen with a keen sense of selection—it is hard to show any fallacy in their reasoning. And whether one accepts the conclusions or not, the book is one that ought to be read and repays reading.

NATHANIEL PEFFER

Fabius Maximus

Socialism versus Capitalism, by A. C. Pigou. New York: The Macmillan Company. 146 pages. $2.25.

A. C. PIGOU, the eminent Cambridge economist, is an orthodox liberal who has become a Fabian socialist, and his excellent new book tells why. He describes the humanitarian ends at which he would like to see economic policy directed and, after considering the economic issues one by one, concludes that on the whole "socialism" is a more effective agency than "capitalism" for achieving them.

But his use of the words "socialism" and "capitalism" as economic terms presents a dilemma of definition. The brand of state capitalism now practised in the democratic countries is closely related in structure and process to what most people, including Pigou, think of as Fabian socialism. And in the end Russian socialism must be differentiated from other forms of authoritarianism on political and social, but not on economic grounds. In this context of fact, Pigou's conclusion in favor of "socialism" amounts to the thesis that the capacity of an economic system to serve equitable social ends is proportional to the economic authority of the state. There should be rejoicing in the collectivist heaven at such doctrine from the official inheritor of the laissez-faire tradition in classical economics.

Pigou's vote for socialism is based primarily on its superior capacity to control unemployment. That superiority does not rest on the mysterious merits of "planning." Like most other modern students of socialism, Pigou is optimistic about planning, but not quite convinced that it will be possible in practice to make a regime of planning even as efficient economically as the capitalist system of competitive or semi-competitive pricing. In his view, however, there are three important forms of action available to any government, socialist or capitalist, that attempts to control unemployment: it can manage money, manipulate money wages and undertake direct investment. He concludes that socialist and capitalist governments can perform monetary magic about equally well. But a socialist government can offset unemployment by direct investment better than a capitalist one, for the reason, among others, that it need not fear competing with private business (although this is a less convincing thesis than it appears to be at first) and a socialist government, "with its wider coercive powers," can at appropriate times reduce money wages, and thus reduce unemployment, whereas capitalist democracies seem congenitally unable to keep wages flexible.

Patently, this analysis of unemployment does not lead to the view that crises are inevitable under capitalism. On the contrary, Pigou recognizes that the crucial tools of trade-cycle control are available in greater or lesser degree to all modern governments. His argument for socialist planning leaves his reader free to choose, as Pigou himself does, the less efficient and less authoritarian program of gradual-

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ism. Partly because he doubts the feasibility of central planning and partly because he dislikes violence, Pigou's last word is that if he were in power he would undertake to modify the existing structure of capitalism slowly, by taxing wealth and income, and by nationalizing a few key monopolies. But, he adds, "gradualness implies action, and is not a polite name for standing still."

EUGENE V. ROSTOW

The System Builders

Architects of Ideas, by Ernest R. Trattner. New York: Carrick and Evans. 426 pages. $3.75.

AN OUTLINE of man's greatest theories is almost identical with a diagram of the universe in which he lives. In all his decisions the practical man leans upon hosts of ideas that once lay in the realm of what he calls impractical theory. And far more of them than he realizes are still theories, even though he unconsciously assumes them as bedrock common-sense fact. Theory in truth is everywhere needful to explain and clarify facts, which without it are but wild and glaring heaps of chaos. But although often let in unobtrusively by the back door after hammering vainly at the front, theory to the average man is a dubious or reproachful word. From the heliocentric theory of Copernicus to the relativity theory of Einstein, theory has been a jest for foolish giggles or a blasphemy to be repelled by the flames of lords temporal and spiritual.

This ill fame in the councils of a sham common sense Mr. Trattner's book is written to combat. His scheme is built around the careers of great pioneer theorists, with thumbnail sketches of their leading predecessors and fellow workers and of the later men who significantly modified their conclusions. Among his themes we find Chamberlin's planetesimal theory of the origin of the earth, Hutton's geological theory, the contributions of Huygens, Lavoisier, Rumford and Clerk Maxwell to the theories of heat and light, the Darwinian theory of evolution, the work of Schwann, Mendel, Koch and Pasteur in biology and the prevention of disease, the Freudian theory of psychoanalysis and the Marxian interpretation of history.

Mr. Trattner has a strong feeling for intellectual daring, and he kindles to the vast sweep of ideas synthesizing millions of facts and embracing centuries or eons of time. But his judgment is often shallow. He shares that superficiality that finds it hard to understand how past ages lacked our enlightenment. To him the reign of those acute persons, the scholastics, is a "medieval cloud of intellectual darkness." Forgetting that he has quoted Darwin on "the stimulating effect of mistaken theories," he is impatient with the alchemists for sharing the tendency of nearly all theorists to have "preconceived ideas of how things should be" and framing "their experiments to prove their theories." And he has the rather naïve belief that modern science reveals "the correct picture," ignoring his own demonstration that a good theory is simply a convenient pattern, not necessarily final, for understanding our data.

As explanation his work suffers from a deficiency of constructive imagination, a failure to picture clearly his reader and what that reader wants to have explained. The interesting, the essential thing about a theory is the process of reasoning by which it grapples with the difficulties it has to explain. This Mr. Trattner too often leaves out. *How*, we want to ask, did Pasteur show that diseases of wines were due to ferments? *Why* did Marx reject the "vulgar" materialism of Buchner and Vogt? *In what way* do the irregularities in the motion of Mercury and the displacement of lines in the solar spectrum substantiate the Einstein theory? Without answers to such queries, science is only a tale of marvel. Mr. Trattner intended to explain, but too often he merely affirms that what he says has the authority of science. So presented, science is only another name for theological dogma.

EDGAR JOHNSON

The Paradox of Blake

William Blake's Circle of Destiny, by Milton O. Percival. New York: Columbia University Press. 346 pages. $3.50.

WILLIAM BLAKE HAS BEEN DEAD a hundred and eleven years, and he is as much a terror to the century in which he is read as he was to the century he defied. Literary historians are still afraid of him, sleek and professional mystics think him vulgar, and the lunacy boards in the universities, though they have certified him sane but dangerous, have buried him in the curricula with a warning: Exhume at your own risk! Yet the man won't stay put. Touch him at any point—in the early songs, the Prophetic Books, the square, thick drawings, even his conversations with Crabb Robinson—and he bounds back at you with an organon and a parable, with a version of the Christ story that might be Jesus' own autobiography, and that hard, plain intensity—so far removed from rhapsody, so useless to the Mrs. Pennyfeathers of religious thought and action—that asks us to believe only when we have thought, and to accept only when we have rebelled.

Professor Percival's elaborate and often moving interpretation of Blake's prophetic writings and drawings may do something to break the hard crust of defamation and superficial appreciation that has hemmed him in. We have had other interpretations of Blake, but Professor Percival has hewn his own way through the jungle growth. It is his attempt to relate Blake just a little too neatly to Plotinus, Eckhart, Boehme and Swedenborg among the great mystics, though in many cases he has not gone beyond the notation of a correspondence or a possible influence, that may seem a little dubious. Blake was not, as Eliot put it so assuredly and so wrongly, a man putting things together "out of the odds and ends about the house," but neither was he, at least not so formally, the Protestant Dante that Professor Percival would make him out, a man who in the use of tradition exceeded even Milton.

It is true that Blake read his Bible in the light of the great subterranean tradition that pierces the accepted Christian framework in every age from Plotinus to Swedenborg, that he borrowed his astronomy from Philo, who borrowed his from Plato. But though Professor Percival has proved, by wide and supple scholarship, how much Blake owes to that tradition, it does not follow, because one can find something of Blake in Thales and something in the Book of Daniel, that they were to him what Augustine was to Dante, or more than Ptolemy was to Milton. The great mystics learned from each other in a blaze of creative intui-

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tion, finding the words here, the apparatus of cosmogony there, but always tracing the pattern in themselves, living and expanding by the very independence of their progress.

It was because Blake was so utterly without illusions, especially the illusions of men who destroy the spirit by isolating it bloodlessly, that he has so much to say today. He was literally a craftsman and a journeyman: he used ideas, as he used squat and ugly theologies, to hammer lives together, to keep his system firm and endlessly inventive, since it was at once a token and the truth, a map to the boundaries of creation and a clue to its pain. He had time and room for everything: the rumble of the Industrial Revolution under his feet, a sock in the eye for Sir Joshua, the simpering Deists, the dead and cold historians of the mind, the petrifaction of the Church, a psychology that put man together again, and even the poor tormented male, "woman-born and woman-nourished and woman-educated and woman-scorned." The Christ story was not big enough, not merciful enough, and he let the sun into the prayer-books, made villains out of Biblical politicians and enthroned the Magdalenes. The notions of death had been mangled by fear, and he went in boldly to learn and therefore to solace. He felt everything he knew.

ALFRED KAZIN

Royal Dutchman

The Most Powerful Man in the World: The Life of Sir Henri Deterding, by Glyn Roberts. New York : Covici, Friede. 448 pages. $3.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Roberts calls the creator of the Royal Dutch Shell oil combine "Capitalism in Person," this biography does not illustrate the great-man theory of history. On the contrary. If Deterding had not organized the production, transportation and price-maintenance of petroleum on a worldwide basis, someone else—perhaps the mysterious Calouste Gulbenkian of Armenia—would have performed that historically necessary function. Furthermore, a larger and thoroughly impersonal system, the British Empire, used Sir Henri and Royal Dutch Shell for its own purposes.

These purposes are the underlying theme of Mr. Roberts' book. The first two hundred pages tell the story of oil from the 1890's to 1920. It is not an unfamiliar story, but Mr. Roberts has organized it more thoroughly than any other general writer on the subject. The latter half of the book is concerned primarily with Deterding's machinations against the Soviet Union, and here Mr. Roberts not only breaks new ground; he anticipates tomorrow's headlines. As a completely "unauthorized" biographer, Mr. Roberts may be guilty of inaccuracies that no outsider can check, but the course of events has vindicated his main thesis. Precisely those British interests which now dominate the Chamberlain government have two overpowering reasons for directing their country's foreign policy toward the destruction of the Soviet Union. One is their hatred of Russia's socialist (with apologies to Max Eastman) economy; the other is their desire to come by its natural wealth, especially its oil. Even an exhaustive review could not begin to tell their story; a short notice like this one must therefore confine itself to suggesting that it is worth reading.

QUINCY HOWE

New Books: A Reader's List

THE AYES HAVE IT, by A. P. Herbert (Doubleday, Doran, $2). How the British humorist and author of "Holy Deadlock" got himself elected to Parliament and, almost single-handed, drove through a bill loosening the medieval divorce laws. Incidentally a thorough but vivid handbook on the cumbrous workings of the "oldest deliberative body in the world."

TARNISHED WARRIOR, by James Ripley Jacobs (Macmillan, $3.50). The colorful life of Major General James Wilkinson, commander of the army during the Republic's first twenty years. Doctor, merchant, politician, frontier adventurer and rogue, he always looked out for Number One, getting to know, in the process, more of the continent at first hand than any dozen of his fellow Founding Fathers.

SEVEN SHIFTS, edited by Jack Common (Dutton, $2.50). Seven British proletarians tell their life stories, and not badly either. Every page exudes vitality (attention English literati). The unemployed vet's tale is probably the grimmest. Though representing different political ideas, the seven agree that capitalism is on the skids, and a good thing.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY'S MAGNUM (Lippincott, $2.50). A reprint of six books: two verse collections, a schoolgirls' play, an unconventional travelogue through South America, essays in the best Morley manner, and a fantasy about a Swiss family who light atop the scaffolding of the Empire State Building. Also notes by the author accounting for his creative pangs.

POSTSCRIPT TO ADVENTURE, by Charles W. Gordon (Farrar and Rinehart, $3). When he set down this life, Major Gordon (alias Ralph W. Connor, writer of "The Sky Pilot" and other books that, some years ago, sold by the trainload) still firmly believed the cause of the Allies in the Great War to have been a "sacred" one. And he meant *sacred*. For he started out as a pulpit-pounder; later he entered Canadian politics as a reformer, went Over There with the Canucks at the beginning of hostilities, came back and was entrusted with the mission of helping mouth the U. S. A. into the War—his biggest moment.

MAN THE SLAVE AND MASTER: A Biological Approach to the Potentialities of Modern Society, by Mark Graubard (Covici, Friede, $3.50). The more or less familiar facts of heredity, genetics, race, environment and evolution in-

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terpreted from the viewpoint of social needs. The author places his trust in a "scientific humanism" resembling that of Lancelot Hogben, believing that it "recognizes the spiritual desires of man and gives them concrete expression and guidance."

THE THOUGHT-READING MACHINE, by André Maurois (Harpers, $2). A French professor of literature gives a course at a small American university and there meets a thought-reading machine and its inventor. The conclusion—that thoughts are not a better index to character than words or action—gives M. Maurois an opportunity to indulge his early ambition to be a teacher of philosophy and, judging by this book, a reasonable and witty teacher.

THE CANADIANS: THE STORY OF A PEOPLE, by George M. Wrong (Macmillan, $3.50). An eminent Canadian professor writes a very intelligent and readable history of his country, from the time of the earliest French Jesuits and fur traders to the rise of the modern Dominion as an independent nation loyal to the British Crown.

POPE PIUS AND WORLD PEACE, by Lord Clonmore (Dutton, $3). An exhaustive survey of the diplomatic and cultural activities of the present Pope, given the stamp of authority by a Foreword from the Cardinal of Westminster. Although frankly partisan, the book is important for its scholarly discussion of the viewpoint of an international office representing 350,000,000 people—and admirers of classic style will enjoy the dignity of the quoted bulls and encyclicals.

Contributors

WALTON H. HAMILTON, professor of Law at Yale, is the author of several volumes on economic subjects and is a frequent contributor to legal and economic periodicals.

CARLETON BEALS has written and lectured extensively on the subject of Mexican-American relations. His books include "Mexico: An Interpretation," "The Crime of Cuba," "Fire on the Andes" and "Glass Houses."

ERNEST HEMINGWAY has just returned from Spain where he has been working during a large part of the civil war as a newspaper correspondent.

NATHANIEL PEFFER, the author, among other books, of "Must We Fight in Asia?" and "China: The Collapse of a Civilization," is teaching at Columbia University.

EUGENE V. ROSTOW is associated with a New York law firm.

EDGAR JOHNSON has written several books, including "One Mighty Torrent: The Drama of Biography," a study of biography during the last four centuries.

ALFRED KAZIN, author of the English version of "Moses: The New Odyssey," reviews books for a number of leading periodicals.

QUINCY HOWE is head of the editorial department of Simon and Schuster and the author of "World Diary," "A Handbook of World Politics" and "England Expects Every American to Do His Duty."

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